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The Acid Test in Africa

WE live in the evening of imperialism, and in times when even the imperialists are usually ready to admit that coercion will not do; our colonial policy has passed, as someone has said, from the thin red line to the broad red carpet. Nevertheless, the supporters of federation in Central Africa urge that their proposals should be carried through against African opposition. There can be no doubt of this opposition, nor of its representative character. In the two northern territories, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, it is practically unanimous; it is strong even in Southern Rhodesia, where Africans have little opportunity of expressing their views. The settler Government of Southern Rhodesia, and the settlers of the two northern territories, are ready to push through federation against African wishes. So, apparently, is Mr. Churchill's Government. Unhappily it is also known that there is a powerful group in the British Labour Party which is ready to approve this coercion, or at least to connive at it. The Parliamentary Labour Party, must now define its attitude.

The great and central argument *against* federation as now planned is that the vast majority of Africans oppose it. If it were to be imposed on them against their will, Africans all over the Continent would see in this coercion the betrayal of the great principles of protection and trusteeship for which this country has stood. We believe that this argument is final, and we urge Labour Members who would allow federation to be imposed to re-think their attitude in the light of it.

While it may be well for Mr. Attlee to pay a visit to Rhodesia, those who care for the objective of racial harmony must deeply regret that he is to be the guest of Mr. Wilensky, the settler's leader in Northern Rhodesia, and hope that he will not be similarly tempted by an invitation from Sir Godfrey Huggins. Such a visit could do great harm at this time to the reputation of the Labour Party in Africa.

It might be different if we in this country could have any faith in the future actions and attitudes of the White settlers who would dominate this federation. But they condemn themselves out of their own mouths. Manifestly, they are willing to pay lip-service to African welfare and progress only in order to get what they want. But they will behave in the future as they have behaved in the past. According to Mr. Davenport, Minister of Mines and Transport and Minister of Education in the Southern Rhodesian Government, the experiment of the present federation proposals was worth while. While it was being made the African Affairs Board would probably be necessary if only to re-assure the Natives. "If the people on the African Affairs Board made a farce of it, they could be replaced, and if the same thing happened a second time, the Board would have to go." And yet this African Affairs Board is presented to us as an effective safeguard of African interests.

Or consider the openly cynical attitude of the Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister, Sir Godfrey Huggins. Very smooth in London, Sir Godfrey is rough and tough as soon as he gets home again. His "appalling frankness" shocks even his colleagues. Thus Mr. Halstead, former Minister of Trade and Industrial Development, could say in the debate in Salisbury:

> The Prime Minister had made a shattering remark when he said we should accept the proposal [for federation] and if there were any head-on collision later the persons who would give in would be the Secretaries of State.

There is the real case against federation: once the proposals are through, the British Parliament will have given away any practical means of protecting Africans in the federation.

But the peak and summit of ugly cynicism comes from Sir Godfrey's own lips. "I believe that the thing that is going to wreck this scheme," he told a public meeting at the end of June, "is the so-called African Affairs Board. It is very difficult for me to criticise it because, if I present it to you in the light I want you to see it, it is presenting it to the Left-wing of the House of Commons in a dark light." In brief Sir Godfrey, in Rhodesia, says that he dare not reveal his real intentions because it they were known here, they would be rejected. And yet it is to men like Sir Godfrey Huggins that the British Parliament is being asked to hand over another four million Africans.

The Transport Bill

A first impression of the Transport Bill as we go to press suggests that, while an attempt has been made to remove some of the minor absurdities and obscurities which have earned the Government's transport policy almost universal condemnation, the Bill contains the essentially disagreeable features, including the road haulage levy, which the White Paper foreshadowed. The Road Haulage Executive is to be wound up, and a disposals board, most unsatisfactorily constituted, is to be empowered to sell its assets. The lorries are to be sold in lots not normally exceeding fifty—a brave concession to the ideology of private enterprise, but scarcely a serious foundation on which to base a national transport system. The railways are to be permitted to purchase lorries up to the numbers which the private companies possessed prior to nationalisation. The Railway Executive, also, is to be wound up, and the existing Regions to be re-named "Areas," with the addition of a separate Area for Scotland. But central control over railway finance and some other common functions will be vested in the Transport Commission itself. It may be doubted whether this plan will give the Areas any more effective independence than the Regions possess at present, and it may hinder the economic co-ordination of operations. The essential defect of the Bill is that it flouts the whole idea of an integrated transport system and will undermine most of the progress made in that direction.

Behind the Korean Scenes

A confusing factor in the moves and countermoves at Panmunjon is that the truce talks now appear for some time to have been going on in two separate compartments and on two different levels. At Panmunjon itself the delegates have been discussing behind closed doors two rival sets of proposals. One, the American, is that new lists of prisoners should be prepared, omitting all who declare their intention forcibly to resist repatriation, and that there should be an exchange of prisoners on the basis of the revised lists. This formula the Communists are understood to have rejected. Their proposal is, in substance, a renewal of the limited concession they made some weeks ago—namely, that South Koreans captured while fighting in the Northern ranks should have the option of being sent home from U.N. camps, but that all other prisoners in U.N. hands, Chinese or North Korean, should automatically be repatriated. Since this would mean the forcible repatriation of captured Communist troops who have compromised their security in their own countries by enrolling themselves (willingly or not) in "anti-Communist volunteer brigades," the Americans are unlikely to regard the Northern offer as adequate.

The deadlock, therefore, over the prisoners would seem as insoluble as ever but for the fact that, well before the Yalu bombing and the debate in the Commons, substantial progress is understood to have been achieved in talks—on a basis, it is believed, much wider than the restricted formulae at Panmunjon—between the leaders of the Chinese Government and the Indian Ambassador at Peking. So promising were these discussions a fortnight ago that it looked as if little remained to settle except the troublesome but comparatively minor problems of machinery, decisions about where the released prisoners should be sent, by what ports, under what escort, and so forth. The Communists appeared to have accepted in principle the proposal to leave the interviewing ("screening" has become a "bad word") to the five "Neutral Powers." None of this has as yet been reflected in reports from Panmunjon itself.

Chicago Scrimmage

The verdict in Taft *versus* Eisenhower will not be known before the week-end. What is already clear is that the battle will end in the same nasty scrimmage in which it began, but this is about all that is clear. Up to the middle of the week, at any rate, portentous deals were being done behind the scenes, and to every claim made by one side, the other side looked knowing, as if it had thought up a trick worth two of that. On Wednesday the tide began to flow strongly in favour of Eisenhower. On the floor of the Convention the uncommitted delegations, over-ruling the Taft-controlled Credentials Committee, gave the Eisenhower party the contested seats in Georgia; and a similar result was expected in the case of other States. In this tussle between machines, General MacArthur's speech confined itself to a reasonably demagogic vilification of the Democrats; this seems to have fallen victim to the general exasperation of the two sides. Mr. Eisenhower has continued to distinguish his political utterances with an other-worldly emptiness which would have done credit to Ramsay MacDonald in his last period, and seems to have decided that he had better stick to charm and leave high-brow stuff until he gets to the White House. He seems to have doubts about some parts of the Republican foreign policy "platform," especially where it suggests the thesis that air-power is decisive. But all this is much beside the point, for what matters at this meeting of Republicans is not policy in the least, and it is doubtful whether the political intentions of the rival candidates have had an even remote interest for the assembled company.

Fuel Prospects

The Minister of Fuel's announcement this week of greatly improved figures of recruitment to the mines is encouraging, especially since there are increasing numbers of miner's sons among the new entrants. No doubt the unsettled prospects of the past few months in many of the cleaner and lighter industries has something to do with the new trend. But the major part of the improvement is probably due to the combined efforts of the N.C.B. and the National Union of Mineworkers to make the pits fit to work in, and mining a respectable and promising calling. Much remains to be done before either of these objectives can be said to be achieved; and much more coal is required before Britain's essentially coal-based economy can be established on a firm foundation. Nevertheless, it is reasonable to conclude that the mines are settling down under nationalisation and that a dividend on all the work of the last five years is beginning to show.

The glimpses of the technical future of electricity generation and supply, which Mr. Lloyd gave, has an importance apart from their intrinsic fascination. No amount of propaganda can eliminate the problem of the peak-hours. But a generating capacity, sufficient to cater for these without strain, must be grossly uneconomic for some eighteen or twenty hours a day. Research on gas-turbines capable of burning low-grade solid fuel (which has been going on for some years), and investigation of the project to feed French electricity into the English grid, are directly related to the problem of meeting peak-hour demand without prohibitive capital expenditure. This approach offers the best long-term hope, in a country which cannot use water-power on a large scale, of a break in electricity costs to the consumer.

Miners in Conference

While Parliament was debating fuel and power, a corrective to complacency was being administered by Mr. Arthur Horner at the annual conference of the National Union of Mine Workers at Scarborough. Although manpower in the pits has recently increased, he believed that 735,000 miners would be required to produce the coal likely to be needed; and, so low had the birthrate in the mining areas been in the years of depression, barely half the current rate of wastage would be made good even if all miners' sons entered the industry. (It is also to be remembered that when Saturday shift working is terminated, and the miners begin to take their full fortnight's paid holiday, the impact on output will be substantial unless the labour force is increased.)

The conference made it clear that, though there is a reasonable prospect of ampler supplies, there is little likelihood in a fall in the cost of producing coal. Apart from the current wage claim, a resolution was passed calling for payment for loss of wages through sickness up to six weeks in any one year. Mr. Horner also intimated that the Executive would work to end the present injustice whereby pay is forfeited for shifts lost through injury at work.

Railwaymen and Rearmament

Meeting also at Scarborough, the annual conference of the National Union of Railwaymen made it clear that, whatever Mr. Deakin might have to say to the miners in favour of wage restraint, the demand for a 10 per cent. increase in wages on the railways will be vigorously pressed. The most significant feature of this conference, however, was the (78 against 2) vote for a resolution calling on the Executive "to support all appropriate action in measures calculated to reduce expenditure on rearmament." The vote was taken after the assistant general secretary, Mr. J. F. Campbell, and other speakers had told the conference bluntly that the present scale of expenditure on armaments in this country was incompatible with the maintenance of real wages and working-class standards of living. The impressive size of the majority for the resolution presumably means that, at the Labour Party conference in the autumn, Mr. Bevan can count on the important support of the N.U.R. in addition to that of the foundry workers, electricians, distributive workers, and probably the engineers.

WESTMINSTER

Too Little Room at the Top

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: Labour Party speeches and manoeuvres will, from now until the end of September, be directed largely towards the Morecambe Conference. A good number of the Party's publicists are already hard at work—for, August being virtually a close season for public speaking, there is not much time in which to influence the Conference delegates. The greatest interest centres, not so much in the resolutions to be carried or rejected, as in the all-important election for the seven seats on the National Executive which are at the disposal of the constituency parties. This election (it takes place on the opening morning of the Conference) is about the only item of business which cannot be rigged by the Party machine. Last year the Bevanites gained a majority of these seven seats and ousted Mr. Shinwell in the process. This year, if they are to demonstrate the advance they claim among the rank and file of the Party, they must at least hold that position, if not make a further gain. But gains can be made only at the expense of Mr. Griffiths, Mr. Morrison or Mr. Dalton. It is unthinkable that Mr. Griffiths, who gives offence to none, will be displaced. So the Bevanite assault, as far as this election is concerned, cannot avoid being directed against Mr. Morrison and Mr. Dalton. Only three or four years ago a National Executive without these two would have been inconceivable. But last year, when the voting figures were disclosed, both had suffered a serious setback in popularity. And this year? Week-end speeches for the next three weeks, all of which will be made in full consciousness of this delicate situation may give some indication where the informed money is moving.

Mr. Strachey is perhaps the most reliable weathercock of the moderate Party mood. Straddled at full-stretch between his old friends of the Left and his new associates of the Right, he maintains his balance with a series of significant inclinations. Last Saturday he committed himself clearly, and at length, to a more or less Bevanite view of the Yalu bombing. It is not remarkable that this should be his view; it is in line with his known opinions. But the timing of this particular speech confirms the impression that the Bevanites have gained ground by their stand inside the Party over Korea and Formosa; and at this stage it seems a reasonable guess that this trend will be reflected in the constituency votes. That might mean Mr. Harold Wilson's displacing Mr. Morrison or Mr. Dalton.

Mr. Morrison, who has shown a noticeable tendency in recent weeks to go about his good works by stealth, does not lack less discreet supporters. Whether they are helping his cause may be doubted. Mr. Woodrow Wyatt's outburst against the Bevanites last Sunday does credit to his quixotic courage, but calls in question his judgment as an advocate. There are, of course, grounds for arguing that the Bevanites are seeking to capture the Party leadership. But the suggestion that their policy differences with the leaders are not genuine is a remarkable one when applied, for instance, to such a passionate champion of die-hard principle as Mr. Foot; and the implication that their main interest is to intensify the divisions in the Party will strike most who have heard the "sinister" Brains Trusts as frankly incredible. Mr. Morrison's apparent intention to lie doggo and hope for a Parliamentary triumph on the Transport Bill to restore his prestige is a sound one; and his position is probably weakened by the indiscretions of such allies.

Mr. Dalton's tactics are different. He has had luck that the issue of German rearmament has caught the Party's imagination to the extent it has. Ever since his bold broadcast last December attacking this project, which, ironically, has been largely associated with the name of Mr. Morrison, he has lost no opportunity on the platform or in the back rooms to broadcast his opposition. The element of personal clash between these two adds to the drama of the contest. It would be a bold man to predict the outcome—both are experts in the scrum. It is, of course, very possible that both will hold their positions. It is also conceivable that a Bevanite seat will be lost; but that, at present, seems as unlikely as that Mr. Shinwell will manage to stage a comeback.

PARIS

The Gaullist Split

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The main event of the week has been the open split in the Gaullist R.P.F., where an uncompromising and victorious resolution on parliamentary discipline —a resolution drawn up by the General himself—has led to the departure of a large number of deputies who are determined to go on supporting the Pinay Government of "demons," as the General colourfully, if not, perhaps, very aptly, described them. As a result, the Gaullist group in the Assembly, now composed of die-hards only, will no longer be the largest, but one of the smallest, of the six major groups. Some of the "rebels" clearly believed that Pinay's conservatism was having wider support in the country than de Gaulle's romantic and woolly-headed quasi-Fascism; and they had certainly been stunned by the *débâcle* of even so eminent a Gaullist candidate as M. Edmond Michelet in the North-West Paris by-election on June 22, and the loss of more than half the Gaullist votes to Pinay's man. The die-hard Gaullists, however, argue that this is only a temporary setback, due to the "Pinay-the-Joan-of-Arc" propaganda which was strongest at the time of the by-election, but which is already fizzling out. That, at any rate, seemed to be the view of M. Philippe Barrès, now one of the Gaullist die-hards, who observed to this correspondent the other day that Pinay's financial experiment was proving a "washout"; moreover, he said, the Pinay Government had "covered itself with ridicule" over the Duclos affair. He also thought Schuman's German policy "completely insane."

Oddly enough, there seems to be a definite connection between the relative failure of the Pinay loan—the real cornerstone of his whole "experiment"—and the Duclos affair. There is a good deal of evidence to show that the arrest of Duclos had a very bad effect on the loan, especially amongst the peasantry who, remembering 1939, decided that "war must be near if they've started locking up the Communists," and therefore preferred to hang on to their gold—and even their banknotes. Since the Court's decision, *Le Figaro* has raged against one of the judges, and denounced him as a Communist sympathiser; this attack created, however, a very bad impression even amongst other conservative papers, some of whom reminded *Le Figaro* of the principle of Montesquieu on the "separation of powers"—executive, legislative and judiciary—which still held good in France. Another result of the Duclos arrest may be seen in the increased C.P. share of the poll in the N.W. Paris by-election—a rise from about 19 to 21 per cent. If the arrest was intended to help the Government to discover whether France was ripe for McCarthyism, the answer—despite a good deal of *je-m'en-foutisme*—is still definitely "No."

White House Stakes

From this distance it may seem that American Presidents are chosen by an enormous and highly complicated lottery. Millions of dollars and the efforts of scores of thousands of political workers are spent to promote it, and make it entertaining and exciting to the onlooker. Yet the analogy of a lottery is much less accurate than it would be in this country, where a parliamentary majority depends on drawing the right ticket in more than three hundred seats. It would be nearer the mark to describe the U.S. contest as a horse race, in which considerable reliance can be placed on the form book and the breeder's guide.

U.S. presidential elections are as much dominated by political arithmetic as they are by the calendar. For a variety of reasons, not the least of which is the easily accessible store of detailed voting statistics, they are somewhat easier to predict than our own. And they can be predicted within fairly narrow limits without even a glance at the findings of a Gallup or Roper Poll, which fell down on the job in 1948.

The student of the form book, for instance, need never have had much doubt about Harry Truman's triumph four years ago. Mr. Louis Bean, who is officially a statistician in the Department of Agriculture, but has published a series of interesting election studies, was quite confident about the Democrats' chances that year. He had discovered a pattern in voting behaviour which showed that the succession of Democratic victories after 1932 was no accident, and that there was very little that the Republicans could do to shake the position either of Roosevelt or Truman. The 1948 election, indeed, which at first seemed to be a miracle victory for Harry Truman, was actually a fresh confirmation of this underlying strength of the Democrats. Even though the intervention of Wallace cost Truman the 47 electoral votes of New York, and though the Dixiecrat rebellion denied him 38 of the historically safe Democratic votes from the South, he still managed to roll up 303 against the 189 won by Governor Dewey. And even if every one of the former Confederate States had joined the Dixiecrat camp, Truman would still have won. All the evidence suggests that there is normally a majority for the Democrats in the U.S. to-day (apart from the South) just as there was for the Republicans in the generation after the Civil War.

This simple truth has become a recurrent Republican nightmare, and it accounts for the fury and desperation of the attacks upon the Truman regime and for the search for a candidate able to lift the party out of its rut and re-establish it as a serious challenger. In the last five contests—two fought by Old Guards Hoover and Landon, and three by "Me-tooers" Willkie and Dewey—neither campaign tactics nor changes in the Republican platform have availed against the big battalions of the Democratic vote. Five Republicans have been defeated in a row, and though party machines dearly love "regulars," such as Taft, they also love victory. The hope of breaking this losing streak had been Eisenhower's main appeal, for he alone of the possible candidates held the promise of attracting enough "independent" votes in the marginal States to tip the balance. Taft's handicap has always been that he is so "regular" as to have little chance.

For the marginal States are the key to the puzzle of U.S. election strategy. Just as some 450 British constituencies can be set down as virtually safe for Labour or the Tories, while the parties concentrate upon the remainder, so it is possible to isolate certain marginal States. But there is a difference. Our single-member seats produce an approximate balance between the party vote and its parliamentary representation, once allowance is made for the bias of some 600,000 against Labour. But the proportion of "wasted" votes in the U.S. is much higher. In one or other of the elections from 1932 onwards, Democratic votes have "counted" in every State save Maine and Vermont. But, apart from 1920, when Harding carried Tennessee, and 1928, when Hoover won five States in the South from the Catholic Al Smith, the Republicans have never picked up any of the 127 electoral votes cast by the eleven Secession States. And, on the form since 1928—which is the turning point in Democratic fortunes despite Al Smith's defeat—there are a number of other States which have been so consistently Democratic that they must be put close to the South in party loyalty.

Thus before a campaign is even opened, the Democrats start with a distinct and important lead. It is based upon three things. First, the traditional loyalty of the South. Secondly, the attachment of the farm population (as distinct from the small towns) to the "featherbedding" of the Roosevelt and Truman regimes. Lastly, the support of the depression-reared urban masses, children of the immigrants, in whom gratitude and habit have combined to create strong support for the Democrats. This is a curious alliance, and one whose general shape recalls the original coalition of Jacksonian democracy. But despite its internal strains—over Negro rights, for instance, or between rural and urban interests—it makes a most powerful election machine.

The Republicans' problem is how to detach a large enough fragment from the alliance to tip the balance the other way. This is a formidable task, partly because the fragment has to be detached in the areas where it will "count" electorally, and partly because the loss of one part of the Democratic coalition seems to rally compensating support from another. There is no doubt, for example, that the Dixiecrat rebellion brought Truman additional backing from Negro and liberal voters who distrusted the South's former blackmailing grip on the Democratic Party, and were encouraged when the firm stand on civil rights at the 1948 Convention drove the White supremacists out into a splinter party. Similarly, the Wallace venture drew off enough votes to cost Truman New York, Maryland and Michigan, but at the same time the Communist backing for Wallace helped to take the sting out of Republican taunts of "Communism" in Democratic ranks, and to consolidate many wavering Catholic votes. Thus, to win, the Republicans must find some formula that mobilises their full vote plus their share of the "independent" votes without stimulating an unusually heavy turnout of Democrats. A "good" Republican candidate alone is only the first essential.

Figures of low percentage polls suggest that American elections are won less by converting voters than by preventing them from abstaining. The tendency is to vote for the same party each time, or not to vote at all. Republican gains at mid-term elections have been largely due to the failure of Democrats to vote, either from apathy or from some temporary mood of protest. The Republican aim, since they are outnumbered nationally, is not to win over Democrats so much as to keep some of the big battalions away from the polls. Roosevelt's secret was that he always attracted his troops to the voting booths, and Truman's "whistle-stop" campaign in 1948—in striking contrast to Dewey's rubber-shod technique—showed that he could do the same. Adlai Stevenson's record in Illinois, where, as candidate for Governor, he ran 400,000 votes ahead of Truman in 1948, suggests that the stable may have a third winner in training.

The election this year, on the statistical evidence, will depend upon the outcome in comparatively few States. If, for the moment, one assumes that this year there will be no Dixiecrat rebellion, and that the Democrats will again carry all the States which have given them comfortable majorities at the last five elections, they can count with some certainty on 234 of the 266 electoral votes needed to win. On the whole this "base" is unlikely to suffer any serious damage, despite charges of corruption and Communism, and despite the attractions of any Republican nominee. In the Republican column, one may perhaps put some 13 States with a total vote of 104, thus allocating the States Dewey carried in 1948, less Pennsylvania and the three won by virtue of the Wallace split, but plus Ohio which will almost certainly revert to "normal." This leaves eight marginal States with 193 electoral votes:

California	32	Michigan	20
Illinois	27	Minnesota	11
Iowa	10	New York	45
Massachusetts ..	16	Pennsylvania ..	32

It is here that the result will be decisive. If, for instance, the Democrats can carry New York (as they should) and California, they could afford to lose quite a few of the smaller States, with less weight in the electoral college. These two States alone would ensure victory even though Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Virginia and Wyoming should desert. And the Democratic prospect is even brighter when Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan and Pennsylvania are all entered as "probables."

These figures are sufficient to underline the difficulties that face the Republican candidate, even if this should prove a bad year for the Democrats. To win, the G.O.P. needs a catastrophic year for the Democratic Party, in which the Republican candidate carries all eight of the key States—a feat last accomplished by Coolidge in 1924. Otherwise the strategy must be to neutralise part of the Democratic vote in the North, and to encourage a Dixiecrat rebellion in the South.

Trade Union Oligarchy

It was Bagehot who first fully revealed the difference between the myth and the reality of the English constitution—between politics, as the masses far below are taught to see them, and politics as they are actually managed by the oligarchy up aloft in the Palace of Westminster. Now a young American, inspired by Harold Laski and following in the footsteps of the Webbs, has applied Bagehot's method to one great trade union, the Transport and General Workers. His findings are bound to cause a sensation. Not that his book* says much that is new. Millions of trade unionists have known by personal experience the dreary facts which Mr. Goldstein has tabulated and analysed. But up till now most of them have persuaded themselves that they were experiencing in their own branches the minor defects of a great and vital organisation. The publication of this book (with a Foreword by Arthur Deakin, which will at least prevent it from being named a dirty piece of Red propaganda) will help to dissipate these illusions, in which the trade union movement has been draped ever since it became a respectable part of the British way of life in the early 1930s. We can begin to see the Emperor through his trade union clothes.

Mr. Goldstein has concentrated his attention on one single aspect of trade unionism, which is indicated by his sub-title, *A Study of Apathy and the Democratic Process*. He has been concerned to discover just how much the rank and file actually participates in the making of union policy, either directly in the branches or indirectly through their elected representatives. Constitutionally, the Transport and General Workers is a perfect example of trade union democracy. But is it a democracy in practice? Mr. Goldstein's reply is "No, the democracy is a myth." The Union is run by a compact oligarchy, composed of appointed and salaried officials, assisted by a tiny inner group of "old regulars." The vast majority of its members are mere card-carriers, who have never even attended a branch meeting, and who are not encouraged to do so.

Sometimes—in the docks, for instance—it is required that a worker shall be a trade unionist in good standing—that is, a fully paid-up member of his union, entitled to vote and to stand for election. Here at least the outward forms of member participation in democracy are in force. But the building trade—to take an extreme instance—

> . . . has registered an annual average of 84.0 per cent. lapses and 85.7 per cent. new members. This high fluctuation in member turnover is attributed to the nature of the work. An organizer will go to a building site and sign

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* *The Government of British Trade Unions: A Study of Apathy and the Democratic Process in the Transport and General Workers Union.* By JOSEPH GOLDSTEIN. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

up all the building labourers, who, on completion of work on a particular site, will allow their cards to lapse.

Even in the engineering group the annual average of lapsed membership is 46 per cent. and, for the whole Union (despite the fact that in certain trades unionism is compulsory) the number of lapses in each year averages exactly one-third of the total membership. There cannot be much genuine democracy in a voluntary organisation whose members drift in and out in this desultory way.

But if the majority are passive card-carriers, not active trade unionists, at least they could elect representatives to Area Councils, Trade Groups and the Executive Committee, which is the effective "Cabinet" of the Transport and General Workers. Partly as the result of his own personal experiences in a typical London branch of the T. & G.W., partly through extremely ingenious statistical calculations, Mr. Goldstein comes to the conclusion that representative democracy in this union is also a myth and that the ballot is neither secret nor free from widespread malpractice.[†]

Obviously the laws of libel inhibit frankness on such a matter: but, despite these limitations, this book amasses evidence of an acceptance, both by the ruling oligarchy and by the rank and file, of the fact that elections are frequently rigged, and that the secrecy and inviolability of the ballot box are never guaranteed. It must be noted that in his Foreword Mr. Deakin does not question any of Mr. Goldstein's statements of fact, though he doubts whether he has understood their significance, and expresses "profound disagreement" with his conclusions. Another question we are compelled to ask is whether, if a similar investigation was conducted into any of the other mamoth unions, the picture would be different. Is trade unionism, which started as a mass movement of working-class revolt, degenerating, except in a few outstanding unions, where democracy has been carefully tended, into a managerial oligarchy? It looks as if the participation of the trade unionist in union affairs is becoming as fictitious as that of the shareholder of a big corporation.

Are the trade union leaders disturbed by this state of affairs? On the contrary, the apathy of the rank and file suits the oligarchy. It is just because the dockers still retain the militant tradition of an earlier age that they present a problem to the T. & G.W. officials. The building trade workers, on the other hand, are easy to manage; they take what they are given for their tanner, and ask no questions. In fact, the trade union bureaucracy reacts adversely to every sign of rank-and-file vitality, because they see in it a threat to the lazy *status quo*. The admirable educational facilities provided by the Union are used by exactly 0.36 per cent. of the membership. Only a fifth of the Union members are entitled to stand for office. Candidates for election to the Executive are not permitted to stand for a policy; and, when they have been elected, the rank and file are forbidden to know how they voted or what they said. As Mr Goldstein observes, this is Cabinet Government without any Opposition whatsoever!

Some of the most ironical passages in this book are those in which it is shown how Mr. Deakin unintentionally plays into the hands of the Communists. By preventing any form of constructive opposition in the Union, and by setting an example in the rigging of meetings and elections, the ruling oligarchy has done two things. First, it has ensured that the only opposition in the Transport and General Workers is a Communist opposition; and, second, it has justified the Communists in the use of conspiratorial methods and corrupt practices. From the point of view of the indifferent rank and file, the ruling oligarchy and the Communist conspiracy must look birds of much the same feather. One is on the perch, and the other is trying to push him off. This naked struggle for power—with both sides fervently appealing to trade union and democratic principle in their speeches and violating them in their actions—must breed a profound cynicism among the millions of card-holders who form its passive audience.

The sober analysis contained in *The Government of British Trade Unions* should be read in conjunction with Professor Cole's study of the weaknesses of the Co-operative Movement.[‡] Both will be sensationalised by certain interested quarters in an attempt to discredit the Labour Movement. This propaganda can be rebutted, on one condition—that the Labour Movement at last begins to put its own house in order. Here the chief responsibility lies with the political leadership. At least three-quarters of the active Socialists who do the donkey work in the constituencies are trade unionists, who are personally acquainted with the evil which Mr. Goldstein has summarised in print. This evil is reflected in paler colours in the Labour Party itself. Though there is no evidence of corruption, who can deny that here, too, the official leadership relies on the apathy of the automatically affiliated trade unionist to swell its finances? Who, after attending a single Annual Conference, can dispute that the machine employs the Trade Union block vote to crush any signs of militant opposition? Here, too, apathy—instead of being regarded as an evil to be cured—is equated with loyalty.

Yet, when these defects are admitted, it remains true that the Labour Party, in spite of its Constitution, is still alive and capable of renovating itself from within. Precisely because there is a Left-wing opposition to the orthodox leadership, the oligarchy at Transport House is still subject to some degree of popular control. Unfortunately, it would be self-deception to say the same of the mammoth unions. Of course, their existence is of immense benefit to the worker and, in Mr. Deakin's words, the T. & G.W. "has done a great work during the years of its existence and has accomplished much for its members, and provided the type of service which is appreciated throughout the various sections of the Union and by the whole of the Union membership." But, *pace* Mr. Deakin, a trade union should be something more than an insurance company or a benefit society. Primarily it should be an example of working class democracy. The Labour Movement cannot fight the evils of managerial capitalism so long as the unions are sick of the same disease. Has not the time come for a Royal Commission to complete on a national scale the work begun in this remarkable book? Should we not now consider following the example of other democratic countries in submitting trade union ballots to supervision by the Ministry of Labour? Should not the shop steward, at long last, be recognised as part of the trade union hierarchy, and chosen by properly regulated procedures? These are only a few of the questions which a thoughtful Socialist must ask, but, in asking them, he must admit to himself frankly that, if the trade union leaders are left to their own devices, there will be no reform. For the disease to be cured is the very soil in which their power flourishes.

London Diary

If the Dean of Canterbury had a sense of humour, his picture of thousands of Chinese children saving themselves and their country from typhoid by searching the fields for infected insects, and popping them into bottles with chopsticks, would go down to history as the prime example of ecclesiastical wit. Sidney Smith never thought of anything half so ridiculous. But the Dean's mind has no room for humour, being dominated by the naive and credulous vanity of a born actor who has long been flattered to the top of his bent. His latest performance has laughed out of court any useful discussion of the horrifying fact that both East and West are researching into the most efficient way of spreading various types of plague in each other's camps. From the West's point of view, the most foolish procedure would be to pass special legislation defrocking the Dean. He would at once become an important focus of Communist propaganda; his main effect to-day is to make it absurd.

* * *

So Anna Pauker is guilty of "active sabotage, anti-Marxism, and anti-State activities"! Who'd have thought it? And how, in the absence of anything like hard news from any Eastern European country, are we to interpret the dismissal of one of Moscow's favourite daughters from a post which she has so long administered, apparently to the satisfaction of the Kremlin? No answer can be more than what I should call informed guesswork. Stalin, remember, told Benes in 1945 that he hoped the new "popular democracies" would be able to avoid Russia's mistakes, including the evils of over-hurried collectivisation; and, at least until 1948, the land policy in Eastern Europe was cautious and designed to please, not to turn the peasants against the State. The disgrace of Gomulka in Poland was a sign of Soviet pressure; accusations of "nationalism" and Titoism began to be made against any leader in Eastern Europe who wanted to go slow in antagonising the peasantry. To-day the Soviet Union is urgently strengthening the military power of the satellite countries. Part of this process is to bring the land and the peasants completely under State control. Was not Stalin's reason for the hasty liquidation of the Kulaks his fear that war was coming? Taken with the accusation of sabotage against Luca, Anna Pauker's colleague, the best guess would seem to be that in Rumania, as in the other Satellites, there has been some resistance to increased Soviet pressure, and that those who dared to judge Moscow's land policy unwise have become "anti-Marxist saboteurs", who must give way to more completely servile tools

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[†] According to hitherto unpublished records, Ernest Bevin once admitted this to the Biennial Delegate Conference. Asking for the appointment of officials, he said: "Trade Union ballots—and I would not say this in public—but Trade Union ballots do not reach the standard of a Parliamentary election. Let us be quite honest about it."

[‡] *The Co-operative Movement in a Socialist Society*. By G. D. H. Cole. (*Allen & Unwin*.)

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I was grateful to Lord Hinchingbrooke for his courageous stand in the House of Commons on the Korean War, and for making the sharp distinction between U.N. action up to the 38th Parallel, and subsequent, I think, unjustifiable, action against the Chinese. It is surprising how many people manage to forget that MacArthur, who had been openly advocating full-scale war with China, took his troops up to the Yalu River in spite of specific warnings from Peking that the Chinese would regard this approach to their frontiers as an act of aggression. America, whose policy is based on the Monroe doctrine, can scarcely quarrel with Peking on this point. As for the British, how many wars have they fought to prevent a potentially hostile Power occupying the Channel ports? In reply to Lord Hinchingbrooke and Mr. Norman Bower in *The Times*, Mr. Fitzroy Maclean, M.P., objects to the "astonishing allegation" that the Labour Government "weakly allowed themselves to be dragooned into supporting the United Nations resolution branding China as an aggressor." He thinks the Labour Government acted "out of loyalty to the principles of the United Nations rather than under pressure from the Americans." Mr. Maclean is quite wrong. The Labour Government strongly objected to the resolution calling China an aggressor, and would have opposed it in the United Nations if it had not been for the arguments of their representatives in New York. The Government changed its mind because it was told that the other Powers, including France, had given way to American pressure; that Britain would find itself isolated in company with India and the Soviet bloc; that America, unrestrained by Britain, would go ahead and become involved in war with China, and that, whichever way we voted, we should be involved, as the Chinese considered us, ever since the beginning of the Korean war, indistinguishable from the "American imperialists." If we voted with America we should be able to maintain some restraining influence in Washington. This argument won the day and Mr. Attlee and his colleagues gave way. Their defence, if it could ever be made in public, is that by agreeing to this scandalously wrong and imprudent resolution they have in fact been able to exercise some restraining influence in Washington

* * *

The Old Testament maxim, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, has been repudiated on very high authority. But preachers, judges, and politicians, being practical men, have never paid much attention to the Sermon on the Mount. If our natural instinct to repay violence with violence is to be curbed, we must reinforce morality by science and statistics. In recommending flogging as a method of dealing with crimes of violence, the Lord Chief Justice is, therefore, to be criticised not for forgetting Christianity, but for forgetting, in a public speech, the habit of weighing evidence of which, as a judge on the Bench, he must be so meticulously mindful. And in this matter he really has not a leg to stand on. The departmental committee appointed by Lord Simon in 1937 went into all the available evidence about flogging. It proved beyond all discussion that there was no truth in the legend that the "cat" ended garrotting, and it could find no evidence of any sort from Britain or European countries that flogging worked as a deterrent. On the contrary, the grave increase of robbery with violence between 1939 and 1948 occurred during a period in which corporal punishment was particularly frequently used, and afterwards the types of crime for which flogging was used sharply decreased. I can only conclude that the Lord Chief Justice's defence in answer to the widespread criticism of his remarks would be that, when not on the Bench, he is capable, like the ordinary man in the street, of behaving in an instinctive way which (to adapt his own phrase in a recent case) is neither judicial nor judicious.

* * *

A tantalisingly brief message from the Swiss Expedition last week said that two climbers had got to within about 900 feet of the top of Mount Everest, but didn't make it clear whether it was their physical weakness, the mountain's difficulty or the imminence of the monsoon that had turned them back. Now it turns out (according to remarks made by the returning leader) that high wind had a lot to do with it, as well as difficulty of breathing But to get a really good notion of what the Swiss were attempting I recommend a visit to the Everest Exhibition which the *Geographical Magazine* has organised at the Tea Centre in Lower Regent Street. Though so near the top in height, the climbers still had a horizontal distance of about a third of a mile to cover, along a snow ridge which was concealed from them by the subsidiary southern summit: it might have been heavily corniced—in any case the traverse of any narrow snow or ice ridge at that altitude would be a most tricky undertaking. I gathered all this from the fascinating 10 inch-to-the-mile relief model of Everest which is the centre of the Exhibition. It makes very plain the two lines of assault—the original one through Tibet and up the North-East ridge, which was followed by all parties up to 1938, and the new one, through Nepal, up the icefall to the Western Cwm, which was discovered by Eric Shipton's party last year. The model shows detail so clearly that several Everest climbers on the opening day were pointing out to their friends such-and-such a camp site, and even the ledge where they had once halted.

* * *

Lady Megan must be getting a great deal of Lloyd Georgian satisfaction out of the behaviour of the Established Church over her appearance in St. Paul's next Thursday. As an avowed Calvinist Methodist (refusing to conform even to her father's Baptist faith) she was invited to take part in a most enlightened series of addresses (not to be called "sermons") which have been arranged by Canon John Collins for "Christian Action" in the Cathedral. The series is entitled "Who is my Neighbour" and deals with Christian responsibility for mutual aid to the impoverished peoples of the world. Walter Elliot led off, to give a non-party character to the series. Ritchie Calder and Richard Acland followed. Dr. De Castro, chairman of the Executive of F.A.O., speaks on Tuesday and Lady Megan winds up on the theme "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" Four out of the five are non-Anglicans and the Dean and Chapter were prepared for indignant protests from strict Anglicans. But it was the invitation to a non-Anglican who was also a woman that really ruffled Anglican susceptibilities. The clergy of the London diocese were notified as usual of the St. Paul's programme but almost without exception boycotted this series in their announcements from their pulpits. Many have asked to be taken off the circulation list of Christian Action. So the Chapter bowed to the protest against a woman occupying the high pulpit and built a special one, complete with microphone, in the body of the Cathedral.

CRITIC

THE GREEN DEAN

"I spy with my little eye
Something that starts with G,
And my proof confirms G stands for germs,"
Says the Dean, "as all can see.

"No proof I lack of spiders black,
Mosquitoes and rats in the snow,
All kinds of thing with noxious stings,
As my documents will show."

"But why try a rat or a fly
For bacteriological war?"
His hearers ask, "when for this task
A bomb could do much more?

"Mosquitoes, mice, rats, flies on ice
We must presume are dead;
Might not disease among Chinese
By China's flies be spread?"

"Bugs, lice and fleas the free Chinese
Have purged," the Dean replies—
"These insect swarms in lethal forms
Germ-planes have dropped from the skies.

"A bible oath I would be loath
To question or to doubt—
God-fearing men around Mukden
Have searched these carriers out."

His hearers all for a mission call
By a supra-national team
But this request in vain is pressed
On Peking's Red regime.

The Chinese know they cannot show
What never was there to be seen—
It may be said that the Dean is Red,
But what makes the Red Dean green?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

In our last month's issue we labelled *The River* "American." We were led astray by the fact that it was produced by an American, with American money. The film was, of course, made (by a French director) in India, qualifies for quota and so should have been described as "British."—From Guide published by British Film Institute. (B. Cook.)

Brigadier Terence Clarke (C., Portsmouth W.) said the more politicians kept out of the war the better it would be.—*Daily Herald*. (A. Peacock.)

This book . . . contains, among more orthodox matters, useful advice on how to shoot up a room full of people.—Review in *Soldier*. (M. C. Jones.)

"To better himself," a 16-year-old boy left a job delivering bottles of mineral water, and took up work delivering packets of crisps.—*Birmingham Mail*. (T. G. Freeman.)

Very few of our Catholic trade unionists attend their union meetings yet Christ is being betrayed at these meetings and the Devil is getting hold of England through the unions.—*Universe*. (F. J. Regan.)

Once the principle of random selection had been discarded it also seemed appropriate to exclude from the survey "unusual" babies such as those weighing less than 4 lb. at birth, those with gross congenital defects, and children of foreign parents. —From *Medical Officer*. (Barbara Duke.)

Tunisian Tangle

I.—As the French See It

When the great Tartarin de Tarascon boarded the steam packet at Marseilles eighty years ago in order to go and "shoot lions" in Algeria, he felt he was voyaging far beyond the seas. To-day, as Air France carries you from Paris to Tunis via Nice, you scarcely feel that North Africa is overseas at all If France were to lose Indo-China or, say, Madagascar, few would feel that she had had a vital limb amputated; but to the French—especially to those who have never been there—North Africa *is* France. With the exception of the Communists who, as a matter of principle, talked of the coming "independence of colonial peoples," every Party in the recent debate at the National Assembly discussed Tunisia with reference to what it considered the most effective way of *keeping* North Africa.

To the Socialists, the surest way of keeping it was to be generous and liberal to the Arabs; on the Right, the policy advocated was to be exceedingly tough. M. Paul Reynaud said that France would leave the U.N. rather than surrender North Africa, while M. François Quilici, Deputy for Algeria and obviously representing the more extreme pressure groups constituted by North African *colons* and *fonctionnaires*, went almost as far as to propose a "federation of all the French of North Africa," and to suggest something remarkably like the Malan policy in South Africa, if no other solution "fully safeguarding France's rights" could be found. He added, as an afterthought, that this did not imply any kind of "separatism"; but several speakers remarked that that was precisely what his threat implied.

The fact, however, remains that whether a Frenchman belongs to the Right or to the Left, the idea of "abandoning" North Africa is wholly repugnant. North Africa is indeed very near. As you reach Tunis, your first impression is that you are still on the Côte d'Azur. The *aérogare* has the nickel-tubed anonymity of all other air stations in the world; the French police officials look at your papers with the utmost casualness, as if you had come to have a holiday at Nice, and not to witness the Revolt of Islam; and when the familiar coach drives you in the dark along wide avenues lined with palm trees and tall white buildings to the air terminus, you still feel that you haven't left French soil. Here and there, you pass an oriental-looking figure wearing a *chechia*, Tunisian version of the fez; but the cafés are crowded with Europeans, sipping their lemon ices and their *anisette*. Only the next morning, as you look at the crowds on the fringes of the Medina, and walk round the fruit market, with its bustle of donkey carts and veiled women, and its cacophony of gutteral Arab cries, do you realise that you are right in the Middle East.

These two worlds—the European world of French businessmen and *fonctionnaires*, with their shops and cafés, their troops and police, their *Résidence* and their bathing beaches at La Goulette and La Marsa; and the Moslem world, with its religious traditionalism, its veiled women, its vaguely Kemalist nationalism, its polished, frenchified, but anti-French (yet not entirely anti-French) intellectuals, its trade union leaders plotting to "bitch" the French by pulling international wires, its Bourguiba exiled like Napoleon to an island off Bizerta, its jails crowded with Moslem "trouble-makers," and its Arab newspapers censored by the *Résidence*—these two worlds are so closely inter-twined that the question whether they can go on living together and, if so, on what terms, has become, both to the French and the Tunisians and, by extension, to all France's Arab subjects and protégés, perhaps the hardest and most urgent French problem.

Apart from its expense, the Indo-China war affects France to-day less deeply than the future of North Africa. The latter has, to France, its sentimental aspect, for it is a "natural extension" of France itself; it has its obvious economic aspects, since Big Capital is vitally interested; and on an international plane there is the complication of the United States' attitude. "America is ostensibly fighting colonialism, but in reality she is anxious to find new markets at the expense of her allies—not to mention her unhealthy strategic interest in North Africa—and Morocco, with its American penetration, is only a beginning," a French official in Tunis said to me. And he then went off the deep end about the encouragement indirectly given to the U.G.T.T., the Tunisian trade union federation, by the A.F. of L., which itself was, "for all one knew," acting on behalf of the State Department or the Pentagon. And the U.S. Consulate in Tunis, with eleven career diplomats on its staff, was, he said, *most* active.

There is also, in Tunisia, another problem, largely shared by the rest of North Africa: there is, apart from the three million Tunisians, a French population of 150,000; and nearly all the best land belongs to them. And there are 10,000 French Government officials whose roots are deep in the country, and "none of these people can be thrown to the dogs." At the same time, they will tell you, it's a poor country, and the Arabs haven't done much to deserve prosperity. Even so, the French have, *of course*, done a lot for the Arabs by way of setting up schools and hospitals, not to mention the roads and railways and other blessings of a "well-colonised country." If more hasn't been done for the "natives," well, after all, there isn't enough to go round for everybody, but in time . . . . Yet at this point a doubt comes over your French official's face: "Oh, that incredible Arab birth-rate—why, there'll be four or five million of them before long—and we'll have to go on *helping* them if the standard of living is to be kept up!" And the French will produce—admittedly not entirely unimpressive—tables showing that, after all, the standard of living and health and education amongst Tunisians is a good deal better than in those countries of the Asian-Arab bloc that have so unscrupulously been trailing the name of France through the mud at the U.N.

The whole question is further complicated by a Jewish community of 80,000 and an equally large Italian community. The Jews, though scared of siding openly with the French, know full well that, the moment France hands over to the Arabs, they will have as much trouble and victimisation as fellow-Jews in Libya. *Cette sacrée Libye!* How the French here resent it! The Libya argument is the biggest trump presented to the Tunisian nationalists on a platter by the misguided Anglo-Saxons—Libya, a country far, far more backward than Tunisia, and yet given all the outward appearance, anyway, of an "independent" country, no matter how utterly incapable it may be of running itself. For the French here are most emphatic on one point: they are competent government officials, and they have supplied Tunisia with technical *cadres*. Indeed, many will even say that these technical *cadres* must stay, whatever happens; because Arabs, though often making good lawyers and doctors, are congenitally incapable of becoming good administrators and engineers. Which is, of course, a "racialist" argument particularly resented by the Tunisians who say that (*a*) there are some excellent Tunisian technicians and engineers and (*b*) the only reason why there aren't more is that the French have done everything to prevent their training as engineers or getting any kind of responsible technical jobs—all of these being, with very rare exceptions, reserved for the French.

Of course, Tunisia has a colonial economy, and the French are reluctant to abandon it. The best lands in the North belong to the French *colons*. The mineral wealth of the Protectorate—especially the great phosphate deposits in the South—and, indeed, most of the economic equipment of the country are in the hands of French Big Business. The very basis of Tunisian economy is cheap labour. While it costs a French farmer in France close on £1 a day to employ a farm labourer, the French *colon* gets his fellah to work for 4s. 6d. or 5s. a day, even if the latter has a dozen children; for there are no family allowances for farm labour in Tunisia, although there are some moderate family allowances for industrial, commercial and office workers. In Marxist terms, the surplus value extracted from Tunisia is much higher than in the Metropolis, and the French live well As a Tunisian put to me: "If you meet a French beggar in the streets of Tunis, I'll give you 10,000 francs, and you can give it to him." The *fonctionnaire* gets his *tiers colonial*—one-third extra added on to his salary for living in the colonies—and the French, with the exception of a tiny Communist group, all hang together, regardless of their "class" in France.

It is perhaps characteristic of this "national," as against "class" solidarity amongst the French in Tunis that the man most hated by the Moslems should be not the very aristocratic and Gaullist Resident-General, M. de Hauteclocque, or any of the charming and urbane young noblemen crowding the better offices of the *Résidence*, but M. Lucien Paye, the Director of Education, whose ruthlessness in handling the "disorders" created by school-children has caused perhaps more resentment in Tunisia than anything else. M. Paye is a Socialist! It is zealots like him who are rendering the *présence française* so hard for the Tunisians to bear. For if, on the one hand, many Frenchmen will tell you that the Arab is, fundamentally, a racialist who, once he is given enough power, will throw the French out just as readily as the Jews (no matter what assurances he may give them now), it is perhaps even more true, on the other hand, that the French to-day have been frightened into a new kind of racialism themselves. It is this fear of the upsurge of Arab nationalism and of being "misunderstood" by the outside world which accounts for their ruthless—or rather, sporadically ruthless—conduct since the time when, between last December and March, they virtually abandoned their policy of "negociation" with representative Tunisians like the Destour, the Neo-Destour and the Ministers inside the now "liquidated" Chenik Government.

Tunis, July. ALEXANDER WERTH

Matrimonials

(By a Correspondent)

It is nearly eight o'clock. Probationers have been calling from five onwards. Each has related his recent doings, been admonished or encouraged and has departed. The probation officer is tired but he will not be going home yet; there is still a "matrimonial" to be dealt with. He opens his door and beckons in the husband and wife waiting in the corridor. He motions the wife to the battered armchair by the gas fire and the husband to the wooden chair by his desk. "I've heard your wife's side of the story," he says to the husband, "and I've heard yours. Let's see if we can't sort things out."

They are a young couple; both are angry and resentful. The wife is near tears. The probation officer looks at his notes—handwritten, for the typist is overworked. The wife says her husband drinks. He has struck her several times and she has had to stop him hitting the child. The husband says that he works hard and is entitled to a drink. He only struck his wife once, when she took a knife to him. He loves his son, but he needs discipline; his mother spoils him.

The probation officer calls further upon his reserves of nervous energy. He takes the couple through their courtship and early marriage. As they talk, he looks for points of agreement, common interests and, above all, that spark of mutual affection without which true reconciliation is impossible. Husband and wife have their say. A trained social worker hears both sides and tries to mend yet another breaking marriage. They may talk for an hour or two hours. And, after all that, the couple may still be at loggerheads, but they may not be. It is possible that they may achieve then, or after further struggle, a fresh understanding of their own and their partner's problems and so, a new adjustment.

Probation officers have been attempting matrimonial conciliation for many years; since the days of the Police Court Missionaries, in fact. They received statutory authority for their efforts in 1937; and since that date the work has grown tremendously. Some estimate of its volume may be gathered from the Home Office statistics for 1950, recently made public. In England and Wales in 1950, 44,219 couples were seen by probation officers in an effort to reconcile their matrimonial differences. Of these, 22,400 were known or thought to be still living together at the end of the year. Of the remaining 21,819 couples, many undoubtedly would part, but included in this figure are cases not completed one way or another and cases in which the couples, though temporarily separated, might subsequently come together again.

How do people with matrimonial troubles obtain the assistance of the probation officer? Procedure varies throughout the country, but the fact that in 1950 rather more than half approached the probation officer direct is some indication of the way the probation service is becoming part of the fabric of working-class life. In London, this is particularly apparent. Of 6,354 couples seen in the metropolis in 1950, 3,966 applied in the first instance to the probation officer. The remainder were referred by the Magistrates either before or after the issue of a summons to the aggrieved party, or were sent by the police or various social agencies.

It must not be thought that conciliation is the only matrimonial work placed by statute or duty upon the willing if somewhat shabby shoulders of probation officers. (Shabby because their work, though highly skilled, is not highly paid.) There are many other tasks. Where couples are separated, it is often the probation officer who advises the Court regarding the custody of the children. The parent given the custody may be difficult about allowing the other parent the reasonable access to the children ordered by the Court; it is the probation officer who tries to arrange a compromise. It is frequently his hard and unofficial task to arbitrate on the disposition of the furniture of the separated couple. It is he who, under the Summary Procedure (Domestic Proceedings) Act, 1937, obtains for the Court a certificate of wages where required; 2,576 such inquiries were made in 1950.

Perhaps the most difficult of these subsidiary duties are "consents to marry." Where a couple, one or both of whom are under twenty-one, seek the Magistrates' consent to their marriage, it is usually the probation officer who sees them first. In many cases, he succeeds in reconciling their eagerness with the doubts of their parents, curbing the one or removing the other. None of this work has anything to do with probation supervision or prison or Borstal after-care; it is a sideline of the Court social worker, which during and since the war has grown enormously and received little recognition.

What about the Marriage Guidance Councils? The work they do is excellent, especially in London and the other large towns, but they cannot cope with the numbers; they have not the necessary funds or facilities and there are just not enough trained conciliators. So the bulk of the work falls on the probation officer. He is a willing horse. In dingy offices, in back rooms at the rear of courts, late into the evening and on Saturday afternoons he works. His is a vocation; he does not mind.

But the public should mind. The Denning Committee in their final report in February, 1947, said: "The reconciliation of estranged parties to marriages is of the utmost importance to the State, as well as to the parties and their children. It is indeed so important that the State itself should do all it can to assist reconciliation." If the public agree with this, they should see that the conciliator is equipped with adequate offices and proper office furniture. They should see that he is not too much overworked; they might even urge that he be paid an adequate salary.

The Hammer and the Gold

Place-name on the Underground map, short-cut from the decorative New Look of Heal's to the gastronomic Alsatia of *The Green Hat*, rendezvous of Coloured spivs—Goodge Street, to the unobservant Londoner, is an insignificant thoroughfare. Yet, for the historically inquisitive, it has one intriguing feature—a pub which bears the name of The Hare's Foot. Luck-charm? Not at all. The eponymous animal was the Arctic hare, whose hind foot, in death, is the one effective instrument for cleaning goldbeater's skins. Here, for generations, pints have been drawn for the men whose heavy hammers forge gold into iridescent tissue which crumbles into invisibility between the fingers.

It is round the corner, in Whitfield Street, that what is left in London of this ancient craft survives, in a red-brick building marked by the massive gleaming sign of the Arm and Hammer. As you approach, you are met by the sound of rhythmic blows rising from the basement. The scientist and the engineer, of course, have had to poke twentieth-century noses into this traditional handicraft which Egypt practised in the VIth Dynasty, Herodotus knew, and whose technique, little changed thereafter, figures in the *Treatise* on 11th Century arts by Theophilus Rugerus ("*Haec est ratio aureae petulae*"). In the Ruislip factory of George M. Whiley, Ltd., there are new-fangled machine hammers; and vast quantities of gold leaf are even made, without beating, on coated films in whose production vacuum vaporisation and electrons play some sorcerous and (by me) indescribable role. But here, by Whitfield's bombed Tabernacle, hand-beating still continues on a small scale—not merely because some of the old London craftsmen have no taste for the scientific mechanisation of the distant suburb, but because, in dealing with this "fastidious" metal, I was told, only those who have learnt gold's moods by handwork can acquire the skill needed by the factory technician. Even he needs the touch which made goldbeating a "mystery."

Before it reaches Whitfield Street, the raw material—gold of 24 carats alloyed with a tiny proportion of copper or silver as a colouring—has been melted, cast into bars, and rolled, with frequent annealing, into a ribbon 1/1000th in. thick and 1½in. wide. First, 220 squares cut from this ribbon are interleaved into a "cutch" with 4in. square pieces of special paper provided by the French firm of Montgolfier, famous in the early annals of ballooning. The cutch is enclosed in two sheets of old parchment and beaten on an anvil ("stone" in this trade) for about twenty minutes, with a 14 lb. hammer until gold and paper coincide in size. The 4in. squares of gold are then separated from the interleaving sheets and "skewed," *i.e.*, cut into quarters, which are again interleaved with 4in. square, gold-beater skins from intestines of an ox. This pack, known in the craft as a "shoder," is similarly beaten for an hour or more with a very heavy hammer, this way and that, until the gold, now reduced to a thickness of 1/20,000 in., is once more the size of the interleaving sheets.

Then comes the third, most delicate stage in the craft of beating. The pieces are again quartered into 2in. squares. (Each piece is lifted from the shoder with long boxwood pincers and cut with a "waggon" whose adjustable edges consist of sharpened slips of rattan cane: the flimsy metal would now stick to steel) About 1,000 squares are then interleaved with very fine goldbeater's skins, 5¼in. square. This pack, known as the "mould," and weighing barely an ounce in all, is wrapped again in parchment and beaten for 3-4 hours with an 8 lb. hammer. Up to this point, the beater's aim has been to produce pieces of an even all-over thickness; now, his objective is to "work" a thick edge outwards between the skins (the edge would not force its way against the interleaving pressure unless it were relatively thick) and thus to enlarge and enlarge the transparency at the centre. The final result is a leaf just under 5in. square with a thickness of 1/250,000in. Its edge is invisible even under an optical microscope.

In a room upstairs, to prepare the product for the gilder and decorator, assiduous young women with boxwood pincers lift the finished leaves from the mould, trim their edges with a waggon into 3¼in. squares, and place them deftly, interleaved, in books of twenty-five pages of acid-free tissue paper, coated with red ochre to prevent the gold adhering to the page. Five grains of gold go to a book. Like gossamer silk which might be worn by the Queen of the Little People, the leaves are smoothed out on the pages, not by touch but by a puff of the breath. Neat, delicate work which would drive a man crazy; but in the long run, all depends on the skill of the patient hammerers down below in the basement. Physically, their work, when the knack is learned, seems to be less

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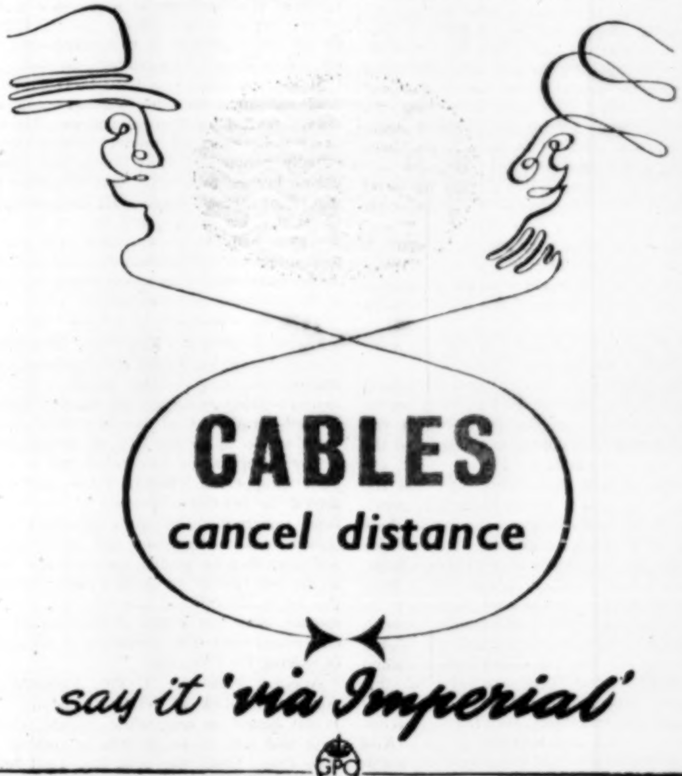

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arduous than you would suppose when you feel the weight of a big 14 lb. hammer in the hand, and consider that a man delivers over 10,000 blows with it in a single working day. Old tales of goldbeaters with hypertrophied right arms are nonsense: the shoder or mould gives a slight recoil to the blow; and though a strong wrist is needed, the trick lies in the up-stroke and in the rhythm carried by the whole body from ankles right up to shoulders.

What has to be learned—and this takes years of experience—is the almost incalculable behaviour of the gold in its transformation, by rolling and forging, from an ounce (troy) lump to 2,500 leaves. Much depends on atmospheric conditions and on the care taken over the mould—whose value, about £80, is much greater than that of the gold with which it is interleaved. After use, each skin is brushed with an Arctic hare's foot dipped in calcined gypsum; then the pack goes into a hot press, in deciding whose temperature regard must be had to the weather and the particular alloy in the next beating; and, after that, the mould of 1,000 skins has its edges parted ("flied") by a master craftsman whose *expertise* consists in knowing just the right degree of warmth and humidity required before the mould can be laid aside ready for the next filling. I watched Mr. Woodward bring his half-century's experience to bear on this job: as his fingers flipped the edges, he would sniff the skins, like a connoisseur of a fine Havana, knowingly, lovingly.

AYLMER VALLANCE

The Adopted Son

AFTER the failure of his fifth operation against the Cambodian bandit Chruy Tlak, Commandant Valas received a message from the General in person. As soon as he had finished reading the harsh, bitter words, he sent for his senior N.C.O. and struck him in the face. The blow was inspired not so much by passion as a conviction that, by Oriental standards, the proprieties of the situation demanded it. After dismissing the N.C.O., Valas drank a third of a bottle of Bourbon whisky, and went off to sleep in his chair.

Awaking a few hours later, he rang for sergeant-chef U-Tith again. By this time his mood had changed. The raw alcohol, dying out of his brain, had left him with an aftermath of melancholy. He felt unappreciated and misunderstood. No one, he knew, would ever realise the impossibility of his task in tracking down the elusive Chruy Tlak. The outcome of this frame of mind was a sudden impulse, to which he surrendered, to set aside his rank and to ask U-Tith, as man-to-man, for his advice.

Although surprised at this extraordinary appeal on the part of his superior, U-Tith could see no objection to telling him the truth—which was known as a matter of course to everyone in the unit but the Commandant. He, therefore, explained quite simply that Chruy Tlak was the possessor of an amulet which made him invulnerable. As far as U-Tith was concerned, there was really nothing more to be said. Chruy Tlak's amulet was the equivalent of an overwhelming superiority in heavy artillery, against which those armed with muskets would hurl themselves in vain. Having with this simple announcement, as he thought, disposed of the matter, he waited to be dismissed. But the Commandant wanted more details. What form precisely did this amulet take, which appeared to endow Chruy Tlak's band with invisibility, even from air-reconnaissance? U-Tith told him that it was a *Kòn Pray*, prepared from a child taken from the womb of a woman who had died in child-birth. He went on to explain the mechanism of the magic involved, which was not without logic if one could accept the premise that the spirit of the child whose incarnation had been frustrated became the most powerful of demons.

As it happened, the Commandant was already familiar with this widely held belief, and knew of some of the rites practised by frightened villagers to prevent the fetus-demon's escape. According to U-Tith's further explanation, the man who was bold enough to release this fearsome captive from the grave, could bind it, with a sorcerer's help, to his perpetual service; the ghost thus entrapped in the fetus-amulet becoming his adopted son. Chruy Tlak would never be caught—as everyone knew—because his "adopted son" could read the minds of his enemies, and keep Chruy Tlak informed of their intentions. The only possible counter to such a weapon, U-Tith mentioned, was another of the same kind. This had, of course, already occurred to the Commandant, who wanted to know why the system wasn't generally practised.

The sergeant-chef found himself totally unable to explain. How could he describe the instinctive loathing that even the laxest of Buddhists felt for such practices? The very weakness of his language in abstractions weighed down his tongue. Nothing could do justice to such a case short of a lengthy Faustian parable of the fate awaiting those who were blind to the consequences of selling their souls to the devil. Who couldn't fail to see that, by the mere fact of thus rendering himself invulnerable Chruy Tlak had automatically prescribed his own punishment?—since only if permitted by Destiny to be defeated, and thus given the opportunity to finish his existence as a mendicant priest, could he be said to have found the path to the heaven of nothingness. But how could all this be compressed into the brief army-style sentence required of a man when replying to his officer? All U-Tith produced was a grimace of embarrassment. "Get me a *Kòn Pray*," the Commandant said.

It was this order that brought U-Tith to the final realisation that the Western mind would always remain for him an enigma. He would never understand the motives that made a reputedly honourable army commander ready to debase himself to a social level somewhat below that of the meanest beggar. He also realised with alarm that his destiny, and that of the rest of the men, had become entwined with that of a man intent on self-destruction. For this reason alone, extraordinary measures would be justified in the process of disentanglement.

There were two motives behind Valas's determination to possess a *Kòn Pray*. The first was a belief that the knowledge of its possession would improve his men's shaky morale. The other motive—stronger, deeper, yet hardly realised by himself—originated in the fact that after ten years' service in the Far East, the boundary-stone set by Europeans to their beliefs had in his case quite disappeared. Within a few weeks of his arrival the pristine scepticism of the West had been undermined by quite commonplace instances of auto-suggestion and mass-hypnotism, and since then his gradual concessions of homage to the non-rational forces had never ceased. In this he hardly differed from the rest of his colleagues, since not a man of them would take a step of any kind, if he could help it, without first consulting his horoscope.

About a week later, U-Tith deposited a tiny sack on the desk in the Commandant's Office. It was bound up with white threads, which U-Tith told him on no account to remove. The *Kòn Pray*, Valas was told, had been formally attached to him by a reputable necromancer. There was only one further precaution to be observed; that was to see to it that his adopted son was fed by placing a few rice grains in a bowl before it at meal times. Valas winced inwardly at this, but did not fail to carry out the injunction. He told U-Tith that he would be recommended for promotion to adjutant.

It was shortly after this that Chruy Tlak was reported by reliable informants to be in the village of Stung Krong, about twenty-five miles away. The Commandant prepared to move off at midnight, with the intention of arriving at the village just before dawn. The men were, in fact, already in the lorries when he was arrested by an extraordinary sensation. For no apparent reason he found himself thinking about trees, and then, as if in a half-remembered dream, he felt as though the encounter had already taken place, and that he had found Chruy Tlak, not at the village of Stung Krong, but in a narrow, wooded ravine. This part of the vision was so strong that Valas knew that he would be able to recognise the trees if he ever saw them again. He was sufficiently impressed to slip back into his office and consult the large-scale map, noting without surprise that just such a ravine did, in fact, exist, about three miles from Stung Grong. In such a flat and treeless countryside, Valas recognised this as the perfect hide-out for the bandits. He wondered why he had not thought of it before.

It was daylight by the time they reached the ravine, as they had been obliged to leave their vehicles and slog their way on foot across the marshy country. They were all tired from carrying their heavy weapons, and no sooner had they entered a belt of trees, which Valas clearly recognised, than they were ambushed. Valas committed suicide rather than be captured alive. Chruy Tlak invited the survivors to join him, and a small number did so. The rest were released a few days later.

Among those who returned were U-Tith and a young corporal, who happened, shortly after, to be discussing the matter. The corporal was in a disillusioned frame of mind over the *Kòn Pray's* failure to live up to its reputation. He first suggested that the only possible explanation for this was that the Commandant had incurred the resentment of his adopted son by neglecting to feed him regularly. U-Tith shook his head. Very well, the corporal persisted, in view of such a clear-cut example of the amulet's fallibility, had not the time arrived to throw overboard a belief evidently no better than a superstition?

U-Tith was about to reply non-committally, before changing the subject, when he recalled with a twinge of guilt his responsibility towards his subordinate, who happened, also, to be remotely related to him. Not wishing to be the instrument of the young man's relapse into a perilous scepticism, he decided to clear the matter up. No *Kòn Pray*, he pointed out, had ever been known to perform less than was expected of it; nor in the ordinary way could the Commandant be said to have been lax in his obligations as a foster-parent. But it so happened that the supposed relationship did not, in fact, exist. The loyalty shown by a correctly acquired *Kòn Pray* towards its possessor was attributable, at least in part, to gratitude at its release from a living tomb. In this case no such sentiment could have been expected. If anything, the reverse. What, asked U-Tith, could be the *Kòn Pray's* attitude towards one who, unwittingly or not, had been the cause of its failure to be born into the world? "The mother of this *Kòn Pray*," said U-Tith, indicating by a change of tone that the matter was thus closed, "did not die in childbirth."

NORMAN LEWIS

The Arts and Entertainment

VERDI AND SHAKESPEARE

VERDI'S *Macbeth*, which used to be thought an uneven work of great promise, is gradually taking what seems to me its rightful place among the most powerful and splendid productions of his whole career. Of course, in sheer musical beauty and harmonic subtlety, it cannot hold a candle to *Otello*; but not *Otello* itself is swifter, more direct or more decisive. We are beginning to see that the apparent incongruity between Elizabethan drama and mid-nineteenth century Italian opera, which used to bother us, is only skin-deep: it masks an underlying affinity. There has never been a more Elizabethan opera composer than Verdi: his very naivety, his disregard of minor inconsistencies, his reckless concentration on essentials, his exploitation of the momentary situation for all it is worth—all these are Elizabethan traits, like his sense of human grandeur and misery, his pathos, and his burning, "popular" patriotism. To these qualities he was able to add, in his final period, the musical equivalents of poetry and subtle characterisation, and thus came closer to the spirit of Shakespeare than any other composer has ever come.

In *Macbeth*, an early work, the one serious flaw is the unpoetic conception of Macbeth himself; in the last act, where the character should rise to the greatest heights, the performer has his work cut out to keep him from dwindling into insignificance. On the other hand, the treatment of Lady Macbeth is from first to last superb. Biographers always deplore the fact that the composer, when revising his opera in 1865, did not entirely rewrite the 1847 original; but with this view I cannot agree. The stylistic discrepancies which we notice in the library become insignificant in the theatre; besides, are any of the 1865 additions more "advanced" than the wonderful Sleepwalking Scene, which belongs to the first version? I am particularly glad that Verdi did not sacrifice the blazing "first period" vitality of Lady Macbeth's opening scene. This has been censured by so thorough and perceptive a Verdian as Mr. Dyneley Hussey; but could there be a closer musical counterpart to her proud ambition and relentless energy than those imperiously ascending melodic curves which climb to the high B flat over enharmonic progressions to a fierce *alla polacca* rhythm? Finely sung (and Dorothy Dow sang it splendidly at Glyndebourne), this scene never fails to electrify the house.

There are mysteries in the score. Several passages which on paper appear wholly conventional astonish us in the theatre by the subtle or ironical effect which they produce. One of these, Lady Macbeth's drinking song, has been illuminatingly discussed by Mr. Hussey; and, rash though it may seem to say such a thing of Verdi, I agree with his view that the hectic, nervous impression here created is something "in the nature of a fluke." What are we to think of Duncan's silent arrival beneath the battlements of Macbeth's castle? There certainly seems a sinister irony in the way in which he is welcomed, honoured, and conducted behind those dreadful doors, all in dumb show, and all to the accompaniment of a military band playing off-stage in a jaunty six-eight rhythm. Yet to speak of the music's "deliberate banality" is surely to credit the young Verdi with a degree of sophistication quite foreign to his nature. He needed military music, and he wrote a quick march in his usual Busseto town band style. And why does Duncan remain mute? Probably there is a quite simple explanation: the lack of a good second bass at Florence in 1847. In any case, we may doubt whether such dramatic effects as these antedated the famous Berlin revival of 1931 which was the beginning of the opera's present popularity. Knowing the opera only in its Glyndebourne version (in all essentials a replica of the Berlin production), we are spoiled. This *Macbeth* is the darling child of a producer of genius, Carl Ebert, and a designer of genius, Caspar Neher, both working at the summit of their powers. It is the supreme and completely justified example of that "producer's theatre" which, when genius is absent or misapplied, soon becomes an unmitigated nuisance.

Vittorio Gui is not so closely in harmony with Ebert's conception as was Fritz Busch; his handling of the score is looser, less demonic, less extreme in contrast, less Beethovenish, perhaps less Shakespearean. Yet, in the more conventional Italian style, he secured a finely coherent and exciting performance. On the stage, half the burden falls on the shoulders of the Lady Macbeth, and Glyndebourne is lucky—no, clever—to have found so striking an exponent as Dorothy Dow. That she could efface our memories of Margherita Grandi was not to be expected; but with her first-rate attack and intonation, her darkly baleful chest register and her dramatic fire she made a great impression; nor did she quail before the soft high D flat at the end of her Sleepwalking Scene—which however, lacked something in pathos. Marko Rothmüller painted a fine, vigorous portrait of Macbeth, which would be improved by rather more variety in colour and dynamics; his exactitude of rhythm and interval was a continual musical delight, and a marked contrast to the more woolly singing of his fellow-general, Banquo (Frederick Dalberg). Some suggestion of routine hung round the efficient Macduff of James Johnston; in all other respects, and most of all in the great choral scenes, the performance reached the highest Glyndebourne standards. It is seldom indeed that Shakespeare's play is half so well put on.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS

EVEN the most cursory reading of *The Turn of the Screw* would convince anyone of sensibility that the attempt to produce a stage version could not succeed in any way that would make the attempt worth the trouble, unless it be in hard cash. Even the box office success—which it proved on Broadway—is rather surprising. For to the unaddicted, the name Henry James, I should have thought, would have spelled boredom unmitigated, while to addicts the ominous words "based on" must spell the inevitable debasement of the novelist's beloved values. However, here they are, the four personages of the story, transformed into *The Innocents* at Her Majesty's, the little girl and the boy, the Governess, the Housekeeper. Outside, the "white face of damnation": inside, the struggle for the children's souls. The difficulty in judging this piece is to forget the original on which the assassin—the adaptor, I should say—has done his little work of butchery. If one could forget it, then I am willing to believe that *The Innocents* might give one some thrill of horror. But if one can't forget, then one's attention is constantly distracted by comparisons, all of them to the disadvantage of the play.

There is an apt analogy for this kind of thing from music. The version, say, of a Chopin Study, "arranged" for two violins, 'cello and piano, and conducted by the romantic-looking first violin in a velvet jacket and a floppy cravat before the tea-drinkers in the Palm Court of a South Coast resort. The main tune—that haunting one, you know—is perfectly recognisable; it comes again and again, and every now and then the piano even plays a sequence of notes that Chopin actually wrote. But you needn't be worried; it's only occasionally and never for very long on end. Still, that doesn't quite answer the question. For on those who don't already know it, this tune, since it is good in itself, is sure to make an impact in however debased a form it is offered. And then, "arrangements" such as these can be more or less effective, more or less vulgar, more or less offensive. How does this one stand? Well, it stands as being distinctly effective in the most

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obvious way compatible with leaving some pale, faint glimmer of an original the very opposite of obvious.

The shocks begin when we realise that there is to be no development. When the Governess, Miss Giddens, arrives at Bly, her two little charges are straightway presented as quite horrid in their two different ways. She is given no time to come, as her original did, "under the spell" of their charm—for they have none. This, I should have thought, could easily have been contrived, and would have added to the interest. Miss Flora Robson as the Governess is given an almost impossible task: she arrives breathless from her walk up the drive and thereafter there is no variation at all in the panting, feverish fear which she has to sustain from first to last. Then, crime of crimes, the children, made horrid from the first, are made horrid in quite the wrong way. The little girl is produced to make the most vulgar and offensive of the assaults which little girls in plays can make on the attention of grown-ups. In her over-carefully articulated drama school voice, Flora produces the kind of awful pertnesses which some adults find "cute" in children, while her favourite action is a teetering little dance round her Governess's knees. Miss Carol Wolveridge does what is asked of her; we admire her skill while deploring what she is set to do. The small boy is given a super-abundance of class-conscious arrogance, of a kind which has at least a touch of truth to life about it, if not truth to James. I can describe it best by retelling an incident I myself observed on the Windsor tow-path only two years ago. It was the hour when the Eton boys, released from school, rush out on to the river in their skiffs. One young gentleman of about thirteen, not very skilful as yet, had been fouling the fairway and was rudely shoved to the side by his lordly elders. He finished up with his prow in the reeds at a point where two small town boys of the same age were fishing from the bank. These two boys admired his slim, fragile craft, and one of them ventured to ask "What do them things cost?" The little Etonian (he was flustered and humiliated, we must repeat in his defence) looked down his nose at his shabby contemporaries and drawled in his childish treble: "More than you can afford, I dare say." It is just in such a spirit of arrogant bad manners that this little Miles treats this Miss Giddens; and Mr. Jeremy Spenser catches the note to perfection and holds it steadily right through.

The producer, Mr. Peter Glenville, has evidently gone to work on the principle that since the charge of subtlety hangs over Henry James, he must make sure that no suspicion of that quality should obscure this version. Everything is as obvious as it can deliberately be made. From the moment the curtain rises every movement and intonation is a conventional sign for telling us in unmistakable tones: That it is all very very spooky, and there is something even spookier coming next! On that level the play may be judged a success, and the climax when it comes does, I must admit, tell. The Governess in the end tries to face the children with the horrors that possess them in the belief that only so can they rid themselves of them. The little girl, cornered at last, forsakes her clichés for a moment, and rounds on her Governess in a real passion of hate. This was excellently done; and then the small boy, in a longer scene, is put through the same process.

What is fascinating here to the observer in the know, is to see how the adaptor, while working closely on the Jamesian text, shifts the emphasis all the time so as to give the ending a more acceptable modern gloss. In James, the battle is between the Governess and the Appearances. He puts it perfectly straight:

> It came to me, in the very horror of the immediate presence, that the act would be, seeing and facing what I saw and faced, to keep the boy himself unaware.

And she succeeds, it will be remembered, too far beyond her hopes. The boy at last gives up to her the name—"Peter Quint—you devil!" On that she thinks she has won. "What does he matter now, my own? What will he *ever* matter? I have you, but he has lost you for ever." She has him, yes, but the story ends: "But at the end of a minute I began to feel what it truly was that I held. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped beating." I wonder how many of the audience at Her Majesty's realised that the victory had gone to the Appearances and not to Miss Flora Robson? T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Carrie," at the Carlton

"Tobacco Road," at the Baker Street Classic

The note of warning was there, among the titles: "From the American classic." Now one may be very sure that any film so announcing itself must have something to bounce or conceal. To whom is it addressed? Not to those who have read Dreiser: they will very soon discover that their novelist's vision of America—a damaging if a muddled one—has quite vanished. To the unlettered, then, or at least to those who have never happened to read *Sister Carrie*. In that case, why appeal to a "classic," if not with the intention of imposing? And impose is what *Carrie* does. It has high-powered acting (Sir Laurence Olivier at his most impressive, and Miss Jennifer Jones, appealing if astray); it has a good story; and Mr. William Wyler's direction achieves that mixture of finesse and popular glow we have come to expect of him. He makes, in fact, a big, brave, rather bothersome thing of it. *Carrie* succeeds doubtfully. Sir Laurence, for example, is English to the core, and English of 1900 at that; yet manages a Chicago restaurant, and in a frowning, distinguished, often absent manner, very effectively.

M. Jean Gabin, recently, showed himself equally at home in the catering business. Perhaps it is a job that predisposes to sex adventure: certainly, it seems to provide any amount of time off, the chair-pulling and coat-holding gestures, the champagne when needed. M. Gabin turned romantic in spite of himself, giving up (if I remember) a cruise round the world in his own yacht; Sir Laurence, romantic all the way, has by far the harder task of getting rid of an icicle wife. (One should remember these things perhaps when picking a restaurant.) To Carrie who walks in innocently enough through his doors, he appears first as fatherly, then as unmarried, and then, after being found out, as divorced: he undertakes bigamy, and $10,000 of his employer's cash, to marry her. A weak character? But then Sir Laurence endows him, restrainedly, with both strength and scruple. His final decline into unshavability we accept as the necessary path so many, from Jannings onward, must tread.

If we thought about it, we shouldn't know what to make of him. And even less of Carrie. Dreiser's heroine is a vain, gaudy gold-grabber: Miss Jones makes her timid, innocent, and refined; yet she has, while denying it with every look, to act out the other story. What are we to make, then, of *her*? The answer is that we don't make anything of either; we take them as they are, the products of an emphatic but unworldly fiction. On this level their tale thrills, touches, harrows, and sinks into a cosy melancholy. Its best moments have been the breaking-down of formalities, and the horrible realisation of poverty: in the latter, at any rate, Dreiser for the moment comes into his own. Mr. Wyler's camera certainly does its best with cheap lodgings, swarming pavements, the horror of the first patch in the trousers. The film has been more than plausibly visualised. But I still find myself remembering Sir Laurence's hurt dignity, wondering vaguely how it came to fall in with, and out of, a Chicago grill-room.

The other new films being outside criticism, I was lucky to unearth *Tobacco Road* in Baker Street. It will be gone again before these words appear, though I fancy it does a steady round of the Classics. This roaring tragedy, or pathi-farce, directed by Ford, is as incurably alive as it was on its first appearance ten or eleven years ago. I doubt whether a funnier film with a pain in it has ever been made. Dilapidation's dream: one pandemonium succeeds to another—the marriage of April and December, the new car, the "whole night" in the hotel, the wooing of Ellen May and the knocking-out of Dude, they add up crazily and magnificently. My advice to filmgoers would be: let *The Quiet Man* go, and look out for *Tobacco Road*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

WE are the first generation to possess the technical facilities to record both the combined speech and the visible action of the distinguished people of our time both for ourselves and for our future. This makes a new demand on our skill—to create the art of "live" portraiture. I know that for a long time in responsible sections of the film world the idea has been discussed of making on a permanent basis living portraits of this kind, but little enough has been done. Television is beginning to develop satisfactory methods of handling this problem in the *Speaking Personally* series, for example in the talk given recently by A. L. Rowse, in which he discussed Cornish history, and in the half-hour interview with Bertrand Russell, made initially for N.B.C. to celebrate his eightieth birthday.

Speaking Personally gives the freedom of the television screen to writers, scholars, scientists, and others, who choose a particular topic that interests them and so reveals their views on life in general and their attitude to their work in particular. Some just talk easily from an armchair, or, like Mr. Rowse, wander about a little and discuss, for example, some pictures they like, or describe the place where they live or how their work affects their daily lives. Self-portraiture of this kind must obviously be produced on a highly individual basis; the nervous people must be put at their ease by an interviewer or, perhaps, by being in their own homes, surrounded with their own belongings, which they might be encouraged to handle physically whilst they are talking.

Here I would quarrel with the way in which Lord Russell was interviewed; a series of obviously pre-prepared and rather harshly phrased questions on the changes he had seen in social life, on education, on pacifism and on our present ideological discontents were put to him in a tough, disinterested voice, which by its very tones seemed to tick off subject after subject as so much coverage covered. Lord Russell is too good a showman to be put off by this; he knew the camera was on him, that this was a film for television, he could take his time. You could see him ease himself into his answers with all the assurance of a man who knows exactly what he wants to say and merely wishes to shape his reply well. You could see the touch of thought on his face before he spoke. In spite, therefore, of the professional indifference of the interviewer, this film was a revelation of the kind of live portraiture the documentary film world has virtually neglected, and which television must take up now that it has the resources and the screentime to do it.

Last week's programme reporting on the first five years at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell should have been an important and exciting three-quarters of an hour. Instead of that, time dragged as speaker followed speaker, many talking nervously, with the upward, sideways and downward glances of people ill at ease. They lectured us rather than conversed with us on the processes at Harwell and the radioactive substances produced there. Short, sometimes meaninglessly, brief film "clips" illustrated what was said. I am not asking for the dramatisation of serious scientific subjects, but I do at least ask for signs of a good journalistic flair in presentation and showmanship. As the B.B.C.'s television audience widens, it is surely more necessary than ever to *win* the attention of viewers when the subject of a documentary programme is one which will present difficulty to ordinary people. Now is the time to use as much imagination and wit as possible in the search for original methods of treatment and presentation. The Establishment at Harwell is one of Britain's major post-war achievements; even the old device of an independent interviewer would have helped the more nervous and self-conscious of the exponents to put over more effectively the importance of their work and its long-term significance for us sitting at home. As it was, the programme lacked shapeliness and, above all, power.

ROGER MANVELL

Recent Trends in Realist Painting at the I.C.A.

It is admitted in the catalogue of this exhibition in which the work ranges from Bacon and Sutherland via Buffet and Giocometti to Rebeyrolle and Coldstream, that "those who assembled it profess no very determinate notion of what realism means." But even this admission does not go far enough, for the majority of these eighteen painters (the exceptions are Coldstream, Moynihan, Buhler, Minton, Gruber and Rebeyrolle) are in fact anti-realists. It is important to point this out because of the present emergence of a genuine realist movement. The confusion arises because the painters at the I.C.A., having rejected formalism, use fairly representational images. Yet realism is an attitude of mind, not a manner. Most of these painters use representational images in order to make the projection of their personal, sometimes obsessional, visions more convincing. The realist is concerned with the exact opposite—with proving the reality of objective conclusions drawn from accepted facts. The first type of work confines the personality; the second extends it. The exhibition, however, is interesting for a variety of reasons. There is a well-painted nude by Francis Gruber; William Coldstream's famous portrait of Mrs. Auden again makes one regret that such a sensitive artist should paint so little; a new landscape with figures and an appallingly bad self-portrait show how fatal the influence of Francis Bacon has been on Graham Sutherland; also, there is a good Minton self-portrait.

J. B.

"The Bride of Denmark Hill," at the Royal Court

It says little for the policy-makers in Sloane Square that they should have selected such a damp squib to celebrate a restored Court Theatre. Vedrenne, Granville-Barker and the rest must even now be turning in their graves and muttering. A plain revival, though unambitious, would have been preferable to this dull, well-meaning meander through a nineteenth-century scandal. We have had Whistler, Rosetti and a new Wilde already this year and it was inevitable that soon we should get to Ruskin (one fears that Carlyle and the Fiend Dyspepsia, Swinburne with his whips, cannot be far behind!). In this version by Lawrence Williams and Nell O'Day Effie (Barbara Murray) is a sleeping beauty waiting for her painter-prince to arrive in his hansom cab. Miss Murray looks charming but her voice has some peculiar registers which give Effie the air of an unconsenting sleep-walker. Clement McCallin's Millais starts by being a jolly bagman but gets better and better with each act. As Ruskin, Andrew Osborn plays the Evil Prig of the Century for all he is worth. "Why, John," says Effie, "what have you done to your Missal?" "I've been cutting it up a bit," he replies darkly. A combination of Bunthorne and Jack the Ripper, in fact. Margaret Ruskin was surely nothing like Dorothy Green's tragedy plotter, though I enjoyed her scene with the tea-poultice. For the most part, the play wends and wends and *wends* its way drearily on, giving us generous glimpses of curtain lines and situations as much as ten and twenty minutes away.

J. N. B. R.

Eugène Delacroix, at Wildenstein's

This exhibition, which is the most comprehensive ever held in London, gives us a real opportunity of understanding the nature of Delacroix's genius. Among the 80 paintings and drawings on show there are a few masterpieces, a few failures and many works in which certain passages are brilliant and others feeble. This is not to belittle Delacroix. But it is necessary to admit that he was an unequal artist (although always intelligent) in order to appreciate more precisely the full achievement of his masterpieces which were simultaneously both backward-looking and prophetic. In his own time his problem, like that of other romantics, was to find a basis for his ideals: to find, in his choice of subjects, *actual* passion to match his *imaginative* passion: to create gestures which appeared not only noble but inevitable. And this was not simply a philosophical problem. On each canvas it involved the whole question of continuity between intention and execution. In front of a work by Delacroix one often feels that, fine as it is, it is not as good as he intended—and one feels this not because of the *Journal* or because one knows that such dissatisfaction is usual, but because in the painting itself there are passages of doubt, passages, either overworked or hidden by a gesture, where his passion failed to coincide with his knowledge. (The only thing which came quite naturally to him was his superb understanding of colour.) Compare the magnificently complete study of a lioness (No. 77) with the strained study of a lioness fighting a man (No. 78). And, finally, look at the masterpieces in which every element of both man and painter is combined—St. Sebastian, Christ Falling Under the Cross, St. John Baptist, the Death of Lara.

J. B.

The Stockholm Philharmonic-Broadcasting Orchestra, at the Festival Hall

It was interesting to hear the Swedish Orchestra, although their two programmes were not very enticing—no Wiren, no Berwald, but Beethoven 5, Sibelius I and the *New World*. The main novelty, Gösta Nystroem's *Sinfonia del mare* (1949) was worth hearing, however. Like his *Sinfonia espressica* (recorded on H.M.V.) it is built on an impressive scale, and takes a long time to get going. Nystroem lived long in Paris: his sea is a greyer, more monotonously heaving one than Debussy's; it keeps swinging down a tone and back, and the storms are more sullen, less sparkling. But as tone-painting the symphony is effective. Written in one long movement, it holds the interest securely while it deepens in emotional intensity towards its central section, a soprano solo. During the slow close, symmetrical with the opening, interest begins to flag and some *jeux de vagues* are wanted. The other Swedish work, Stenhammar's second Piano Concerto (1904), proved to be an agreeable but in no way remarkable essay in the late nineteenth-century romantic idiom—really no more exportable than, say, Parry. In this, and in Mozart's D minor concerto, Hans Leygraf showed himself a capable and thoroughly musicianly player. The orchestra, under Carl Garaguly, have the same virtues. They are not brilliant, but the tone is pleasing and well-balanced (with admirable brass) and the playing is sympathetic.

A. P.

Correspondence

HIDDEN HISTORY OF KOREAN WAR

SIR,—G. A. Grun, in his review of Mr. I. F. Stone's *The Hidden History of the Korean War*, points out some of the work's defects, particularly Mr. Stone's indifference to the problems of Communist aggression; but imperfect acquaintance with the primary materials appears to have led him to accept uncritically other parts of the book. May we, as writers who have worked through the materials used by Mr. Stone, point out that *The Hidden History* as a whole is based on a highly eccentric reading of the evidence?

This book's main contentions are three:

1. Mr. Stone argues that the Korean war was deliberately provoked by the South Korean Government with the connivance and support of a group inside the United States Government. To sustain this argument, he tortures a collection of innocent facts with such fanatical zeal and perseverance that they are finally made to confess to whatever Mr. Stone desires. If the State Department calls Mr. Trygve Lie at three in the morning after the outbreak of fighting in Korea, it cannot be because this is a crisis demanding swift action; it must be because the American Government wants to stampede the United Nations into war before it could be discovered that South Korea was the aggressor. One after another, the facts go through Mr. Stone's wringer to emerge battered, distorted and unrecognisable.

His larger argument is that North Korea would hardly have attacked South Korea "at the very moment when it looked as though a hostile legislature might overthrow Syngman Rhee from within." But the North Korean objective was surely not, as Mr. Stone blandly suggests, the supercession of Syngman Rhee by a more democratic regime; it was the annexation of South Korea. And the very strengthening of the democratic forces in South Korea—evidenced by the increasing American pressure against Syngman Rhee (which frustrated his attempt to postpone the May elections), the success of the opposition in these elections (where Syngman Rhee retained 22 out of 410 seats in the Assembly), and the effectiveness of the American land reform programme—very likely indicated to North Korea that South Korea was on the up-grade, and that the time to strike, if ever, was immediately. As for the American military conference in Tokio on June 18, where Mr. Stone suggests the plot against the peace was consummated, it is perhaps sufficient to note that, among the participants in the conference, General Bradley has been a persistent and undeviating

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foe of war in the Far East, and that Louis Johnson, then Secretary of Defence, not only would soon hold back on the commitment of American troops to Korea, but in the months before had succeeded in reducing the United States Army to the feeble force of 10.5 active divisions. If this were an American military conspiracy, it must have been the most inept and stupid conspiracy in history.

2. Mr. Stone argues that President Truman has deliberately refrained from concluding a truce because "the maintenance of tension" is "a prime objective of Truman's foreign policy." But even Mr. Stone should be impressed by the consideration that, in an election year, very little would benefit Mr. Truman and the Democratic party more than peace in Korea. In addition, the facts of the truce negotiation throw a baleful light on Mr. Stone's argument. The continuation of the war has been the responsibility of the United States, he suggests, because of our insistence on "'saving' Red prisoners who do not wish to be repatriated." This suggestion is certainly true. To some of us, this refusal to return reluctant prisoners—which Mr. Stone callously refers to as "an obscene farce"—is one of the most honorable facts about our Government's behaviour, and remains so in spite of the lax and bungling administration of the prison camps disclosed by recent events. So far as the United States is concerned, there could be peace in Korea to-morrow if the North Koreans and Chinese would drop their demand for forcible repatriation. Surely no British Socialist would have us retreat from this.

3. Mr. Stone's underlying thesis is that the United States economy cannot afford real peace—that rearmament and war are necessary to keep American industry going. We realise that this is a theory widely accepted in Europe. It is based, however, on lack of knowledge of the facts of American economic life. In 1945–46, when many experts anticipated a serious post-war depression in the United States, we nonetheless disarmed and demobilised. If rearmament were motivated by domestic economic considerations, this should have been the period of the "war scare." The major security spending programmes began only *after* the Soviet Union had clearly disclosed its hostile purposes. These programmes came about in response, not to fear of American depression, but to fear of Soviet aggression. Even to-day, the main cost of rearmament is being met out of current taxes; while, if it were for the sake of maintaining employment, it would, of course, be financed by borrowing.

One would gather from Mr. Stone that the American business community vigorously demands the continuation of heavy defence spending and looks with horror on the idea of reducing arms expenditure. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The American business community is predominantly convinced that defence spending at the present level will destroy the American economy. Senator Taft the other day demanded that our defence budget be reduced by 20 billion dollars. Mr. Herbert Hoover—in a speech which Mr. Stone lavishly praised in the New York *Compass*—attacked our whole foreign policy on these grounds. Mr. Stone in his *Hidden History* even pays a touching tribute to the *Wall Street Journal* for its "admirable fight for a saner foreign policy."

And, if peace should come, the American economy is quite capable of surviving it. It is a far more stable economy than the one which cracked up in 1929. Farm income and wage supports, social security and unemployment compensation, deposit insurance and credit policy impose a series of automatic brakes on deflation. If renewed Government spending should be necessary, even after tax reduction, there are plenty of non-military outlets. The main part of the Fair Deal programme has had to be postponed because of the military priorities. The recent floods have reminded the nation of the importance of planned valley development as part of a broad and massive programme for the conservation of natural resources. Housing, education, medical care, roads, public works, research, the expansion of services—all these will provide a continuing stimulus to the American economy for years after international stabilization comes about. Nor does this include the programmes for aid to underdeveloped countries; it is notable that Point Four is the single part of the Mutual Security programme which even Senator Taft has endorsed.

Finally, we should like to say that not one fact presented by Mr. Stone has been suppressed in this country. He has put together his "hidden" history by consulting the *New York Times*, Government documents, and other materials that have been made available to Americans—often at public expense. What "history" there is in his book is indeed well hidden, but the facts used to sustain these singular historical interpretations have been available to scholars and journalists here all along.

Harvard University.

RICHARD H. ROVERE
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

[Mr. Stone writes: I confess to zeal and persistence. I deny the torture of innocent facts. Let us take that 3 a.m. 'phone call to Trygve Lie as a sample. I was not pleading Mr. Lie's right to a full night's sleep. I was pleading his right to more candid treatment by the State Department.

What I bring to light in my book is that, despite the urgency, the State Department deliberated five and a half hours before notifying Mr. Lie; that it did not read him the cable from the American Ambassador in Seoul but a brief paraphrase prepared in Washington; and that it submitted this paraphrase rather than the original cable to the Security Council.

There was a difference. The paraphrase simply said the Ambassador reported that North Korea had invaded South. The cable said South Korean reports of the invasion had been "partly confirmed" by field observers of the U.S. military mission. Had the text been made available, the Security Council might have asked what "partly confirmed" meant.

The cable said the Ambassador was conferring that morning with members of the military mission. Did those conferences throw any further light on just how the war started? Surely more than that one message went from Seoul to Washington in the almost 24 hours between the outbreak of the fighting and the meeting of the Council? Why was only one cable ever made public? Why was the text even of this withheld until a month later when the White Paper was issued? Were the other reports, like that one cable, too inconclusive to support the charge of "unprovoked assault" with which the American delegate stampeded the Security Council, without investigation or hearing, into a finding of North Korean aggression?

To these and other questions the basic answer of my critics is the American variant of the Russian rejoinder, "How about lynchings in the South?" I am accused of "indifference to the problems of Communist aggression." It cannot be said that those problems suffer from inadequate coverage by other American newspapermen, or that writers who specialise in them are in imminent danger of losing their passports. I have been working in a less-crowded vineyard.

Since Messrs. Schlesinger and Rovere say they have "worked through" the same materials and object to my calling the truce negotiations an "obscene farce," let them rebut the documented account of the "incidents," fake atrocity stories and suspiciously belated moral issues with which the American military have obstructed the truce talks. Let them disprove the record which shows how fearful the Truman Administration has been of any relaxation in international tension. Their failure to challenge me on a single issue of fact should not escape attention.

Of course, there are other means than bloodshed to prime the pump of American business. We achieved recovery without war in the Thirties, but we had then a different kind of leadership. Peaceful alternatives are politically difficult. Private interests block action at every turn. The talk of possible public works and fruitful public improvements must be read against the background of recent floods and a certain recent vote in the Senate. They should serve as a vivid reminder of how much easier it is for Mr. Truman to get money out of Congress to contain Communism than to contain the unruly waters of the Missouri or the potent but still idle waters of the St. Lawrence. It is easier for Mr. Truman to make faces at Moscow than at the power trust, and the road which leads to war continues to be his line of least resistance.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SOVIET DEFENCE

SIR,—Mr. Fletcher, while not rejecting Mr. Davies' claim that the total of real resources devoted to defence in 1951-52 in the U.S.S.R. was less than that of the U.S. attempts to demonstrate that such "statistical jugglery" is irrelevant to the "Great Debate." He asserts that Mr. Shinwell's 1951 figures on the military striking power of the Soviet Union were, if correct, a sufficient reason for "a measure of rearmament."

But were they correct? I find it difficult to accept them as reliable. During 1950 and 1951 several conflicting official statements were made about the Soviet armed forces. In no case was the original source of the information revealed. The following table, comprising such estimates, illustrates the incompatibility of the data supplied:

Date	*Source*	*Armed Forces*	*Army Alone*	*Divisions*
		(million	men)	
July, 1950	Shinwell	2.8	—	175
Feb., 1951	U.S. Senate Committees	nearly 5*	—	175
Mar.	Strachey	4.0	2.8	175
April	Shinwell	—	—	200
July	W. Wyatt	—	4.0	215
July	Shinwell	4.6	3.2	215

* "Russian bloc"

The figure of 2.8 million originally quoted for the whole armed forces is slightly higher than that indicated by Stalin in February, 1951. But by March, 1951, it had silently been made into the total for the *army alone*; without, however, any alteration in the number of divisions. The same thing happened to the new armed forces figure of four million, between March and July, though on this occasion the newly "enlarged" army was permitted to have 215 divisions. The U.S. Senate Armed Services Committee does best of all when it compresses the "nearly five million men" of the whole "Russian bloc" into the original 175 divisions. Similar absurdities are committed in dealing with the figures for Soviet aircraft and tanks—thus, in one Parliamentary debate in 1950, Mr. Churchill's estimate of Soviet tank strength exceeded Mr. Shinwell's by 15,000. Jugglery is evidently not confined to statisticians.

Mr. Fletcher advances a very curious thesis when he argues that even if the total resources spent on defence in the U.S. and U.S.S.R. were equal in real terms, the high cost of the American soldier and the wastage and swollen administrations of the Western armies nevertheless provide a reason for rearmament. He implies that because our forces are more expensive and inefficient than those of the U.S.S.R., the financial burden on our economy, and the total of unproductive servicemen, should be increased. It would seem more logical for him to conclude that there was urgent need to reorganise and rationalise the existing forces, in order to match the "formidable" Soviet services. Can it be that commissars and culture give more inspiration than padres and prophylactic stations?

But all talk about the size of armies, numbers of divisions, tanks, etc., is meaningless without consideration of diplomatic and military policy. Mr. Fletcher fails to show that the Soviet forces are in fact formidable in any aggressive sense, and indeed admits the possibility of the U.S. "becoming the international rogue elephant."

These and other considerations would seem to drive us back to the economic arguments of Mr. Davies, which demand examination of comparative defence investment, national income and so on. Few students I think would disagree with Mr. Miller when he says: "The figures the Russians publish are not faked: that they are consistent with the copious data used by their planners and executives has long been accepted by Western specialists. . . ."

If we reject the aid of serious economic research we must at the same time deprive ourselves of the means to challenge the kind of political speculation and alarmism which has proved so powerful and dangerous a force in the United States.

Warborough, Oxford. MARTIN LANE

SIR,—Mr. Bevan may have exaggerated the quantity of steel currently devoted to arms by the U.S.; but Mr. Menken's figures are a gross distortion of the facts in the opposite direction.

His implication is that only about 1.7 per cent. of U.S. steel output is destined for military uses. The facts are that, according to National Production Authority returns, allotments for Defence in the first quarter of 1952 were at the annual rate of about 9.6m. short tons of finished steel out of a total production equivalent to about 72m. tons of finished. That is, about 13 per cent. of U.S. steel was going directly to armaments—quite apart from the rearmament component in allotments for construction, machinery and "automotive" manufacture.

London, N.W.1. JOHN GALLOWAY

POETS AND PARTY

SIR,—I read with some astonishment Mr. Werth's observations in his article (June 14) about the speech by André Malraux at the Festival of Twentieth Century Masterpieces, organised in Paris by the Congress for Cultural Freedom. He refers to this speech as "Malraux's harangue . . . where he made people's flesh creep with his almost jolly apocalyptic visions of an atomised world."

I was in the hall when M. Malraux made his speech, so naturally I was curious to know what Mr. Werth meant. Accordingly I have written to Paris for a complete transcript of the Malraux speech, a copy of which I enclose herewith.

You will see that the theme of this discourse, written in M. Malraux's finest manner, is the vindication of the idea of human grandeur as interpreted by artists in masterpieces of art. It is difficult to imagine that this idea has been expressed more nobly in our decade, and it seems strange that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should welcome it in such a manner.

True, in the last paragraph of the speech Malraux maintains that we should have confidence that, even in a world three-quarters atomised, the first artist would emerge from the ruins to take up the themes of a primitive art. "Je ne suis pas venu pour soumettre ma part divine, mais pour rétablir l'homme et lui rappeler sa grandeur à voix basse."

That Mr. Werth should transmit this to the readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION as a picture of Malraux gloating over visions of an atomised world, is perhaps consistent with the rest of his article, which I am not able to check. In the paragraph about Malraux he assumes the role of weighing the scales equally between the poets and the Party, while in fact justifying the attitude of the Party towards Malraux; and using this further to suggest that it justifies in turn the attacks of Robert Garaudy in "*Une Litterature de Fossoyeurs*" "on the intellectual leaders of bourgeois literature to-day—Sartre, Mauriac, Malraux, Koestler, etc."

15 Loudoun Road, N.W.8. STEPHEN SPENDER

[Mr. Werth replies: "Most sane people will agree with me that once the world is 'three-quarters atomised,' nobody will give a damn any more for the 'idea of human grandeur,' for 'masterpieces of art,' or even for the question whether M. Malraux is to go on making speeches and Mr. Spender, for that matter, writing poems for the benefit of the survivors —probably not very many in England anyway. Once the ultimate outrage has been committed, the best thing for what is left of humanity will surely be to remain at the monkey stage, and not to start meddling with art and science any more, in case their 'second chance'—which M. Malraux would like to give them—ends as lamentably as their first chance.

"That is really all I wanted to say in reply to Mr. Spender's letter. But since its whole tone is a little on the spinsterish side, may I just add this: would it not be much better if writers of talent (like Messrs. Malraux and Spender) were to do *to-day* their utmost to prevent the world from being 'three-quarters atomised'—no matter how unimportant an incident this might be in terms of 'eternal values'—instead of making silly plans for a spiritual revival, or what have you, for the post-World War III period? In Paris, at any rate, the final passage in Malraux's speech—the one about the 'world three-quarters atomised'—was precisely the one that attracted the most attention; and it was, in fact, *the main point of his speech*. Most sane people, who thought in terms of the three-quarters who were going to be atomised, and not in terms of the one-quarter who were going to survive, thought the very acceptance of the idea a major obscenity, and an anti-social manifestation of spiritual emptiness which no talk of 'eternal art' could fill even half an inch."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ON PAIN

SIR,—"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

If Mr. Henry G. Clarke really believes that pain *per se* is a subject of vital interest to doctors and that its control of a highly advanced science, I recommend to him one of the following procedures.

Let him sustain extensive burns necessitating skin-grafting operations and a prolonged stay in a so-called "burns unit." He will find that the physical pain inseparable from burns are of very little interest to the surgeons, whose sole concern is with the technicalities of the injury. He will find that for weeks he can lie enduring the characteristic unremitting pain of burns without being offered as much as a solitary aspirin tablet.

Alternatively, Mr. Clarke could conveniently travel to a point some twelve miles from Edinburgh, where he will be able to inspect for himself the scene where, some years ago, a man sustained a major fracture of the thigh-bone, was seen by a doctor and carted to hospital in an ancient ambulance, there to be manhandled by an assortment of porters, nurses and radiographers before reaching the ward in an advanced state of shock due to extreme pain, there to be finally given morphia *four* hours after the accident had occurred.

Or your correspondent might like to enter hospital with a very painful condition, the precise cause of which escapes the doctors. The best way to do this is to be admitted to a medical ward with a surgical condition or vice versa. He will find that, while the doctors flounder around for a diagnosis, he will be left to suffer prolonged pain on his own. He will also find that, as the weeks pass, his complaints of pain are met with more and more irritation by the nursing and medical staffs, who apparently consider that pain without obvious cause need not be relieved. He may even subsequently be seen by a competent surgeon, who will arrive at a diagnosis immediately and operate to remove the cause of the pain within a matter of hours.

I hate to disillusion your correspondent, who is so satisfied with present-day methods of relieving pain, but all the incidents I have described have happened to me, two of them at a very large and well-known hospital not a hundred yards from where he wrote his letter, which should dispose of any "it-couldn't-happen-here" retort. I should further add that he should make no attempt to pull any medical wool over my eyes as I graduated in Medicine some years ago at the very University at which he appears to be studying. Being a doctor (or medical student, as I suspect Mr. Clarke is) gives one no authority, however, to speak with authority on the subject of pain-relieving methods. The only valid testimony is the evidence of the victims—are these methods effective or not? Are the very many effective analgesic drugs now available being used when they are indicated? Arguments, such as the risk of drug-addiction, are promptly trotted out whenever such a subject comes up for discussion, yet there are now drugs where this risk is small, and even were there not it would merely prove that no complete answer had been found to this problem which is essentially one of humanity rather than science. ADAIR GIBBY

West Lane Hospital,
Middlesbrough.

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—I have a sister in Nyasaland who speaks Cinyanja. She had a talk with her native boys on Federation. I thought you might be interested to hear the typical African point of view as expressed in the simple language of her houseboy.

On being asked if he did not think that Federation would be a good thing by bringing trade to the country, he said:

"It's like this Donna. You Europeans say that Federation is a good thing: many, many more Europeans will come, and open up large shops, like Bwana's (her husband 'master') big new store, and make much work for us poor Africans; we will work for the European for much money and go to the store and buy food. Ah, no! It's like this—just now I work for you. But also I have a garden and grow maize and sweet potatoes and peanuts and other things. If I want to leave your work I shall not starve because there is the land. There is always the land to give me food for my wife and myself and my child. But if many Europeans come they will take over the land to give us work, as they have done in Rhodesia. Soon there will be many people but no land. Then I work for the European and buy food in the stores. All right! But if I want to stop work, I can't, else I shall starve me and my wife and child.

"Now, Donna, know this. Just now I have my garden. If I want maize to-day I go to my garden. But if I had no garden and went to the market for maize, it costs much. I get only a little maize for 6d. So it would be if we worked for the Europeans. Much money we'd get but it would buy little. So the chiefs have told the people, no, there cannot be Federation . . . It is our country."

N.B.—These houseboys get between 20s. and 30s. per month. They might get twice as much in Rhodesia but there the cost of living would be five or six times as great. IVY RILEY

Glasgow, S.2.

FLOGGING

SIR,—The Lord Chief Justice says that he believes violence is encouraged by the knowledge that flogging can no longer be imposed as a legal punishment. This would seem to imply that floggable crimes of violence have increased since the abolition of corporal punishment. Yet, only on the 10th of last month the Lord Chancellor explained that floggable crimes of violence had decreased from 842 cases in 1947, that is before the abolition of corporal punishment, to 633 in 1951. It is important that the distinction between crimes of violence and *floggable* crimes of violence is clear; for crimes of violence as a whole have been rising, though not consistently, ever since the '20s.

Lord Goddard also seems to suggest that flogging is a remedy for gangsterism. But when this problem was examined by the Departmental Committee on Corporal Punishment, its members unanimously agreed that corporal punishment was not of special significance as a deterrent.

At best, flogging would be an unconstructive method of dealing with offenders. It is no substitute for character training—a task which may be long and arduous. It would merely be an easy way out —for the criminal as well as for us.

HUGH J. KLARE,
Secretary.

Howard League for Penal Reform,
Parliament Mansions,
London, S.W.1.

PRESS DISCRETION

SIR,—I was much impressed when the Prime Minister, referring to what he called Lord Alexander's "perfectly harmless statement," said in the House of Commons last Wednesday week, "Finally, Sir, let me make my compliments to the Press of the United Kingdom which, on a mere request, on a simple request, that the matter should be considered off the record, without exception abstained from publication."

The Prime Minister's tribute to the Press is undoubtedly deserved but, surely, there is one question which remains unanswered. Would the Press have shown the same response to so simple a request had the "perfectly harmless statement" been made by either Mr. Shinwell or Mr. Bevan?

House of Commons. GEORGE WIGG

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Books in General

We are reaching the point where the European critic will have to admit that at least one school of American novelists is beyond his modest fishing tackle. One or two recent monsters roll about and sport like whales; if caught and disembowelled, they are remarkable for yielding tons of realism like so much undistinguishable blubber. The poet Clough, noting that the Colosseum in Rome was "big" went on to ask "if this is an idea?" Is it an idea to put down the literal life and obscene talk of an air force camp, to put the whole Pacific campaign into a novel, to describe word by unprintable word the hourly fatigues, promotion hunts, drunken blinds, crap games and fornications of a regular infantry company, stationed near Pearl Harbour? For how long is one going to care if the corporal is busted or the Sergeant wants a piece of ass? If we do care for a moment or two, can we keep it up—as we are expected to do in a book like James Jones's *From Here to Eternity** which has "swept" the States—for seven or eight hundred pages?

The critic must hold off novels of this kind until he has first grasped that they are not works of art or even works of entertainment and sensational ambition. They are social phenomena, instrumental recordings of the soldier's life. They put down the shock felt by the ordinary hitherto voiceless man of a country which has little military tradition and where it has never counted for much. What the common man now discovers, in the century that is said to belong to him, is the unsuspected truth that soldiering and war could be a continuation of life by other means. To the European critic it must seem that portions of American civilisation are still in the steel skeleton stage and that certain gaps of human experience remain to be filled in; one explanation of the endless documentation of a book like James Jones's *From Here to Eternity* is that it fills such a cultural gap, *i.e.*, it supplies a fundamental picture of the life of the common regular soldier, which was so far lacking in American literature, and tries to inculcate a sense of the *virtu* of a profession. Compare the works of Mailer and Jones, with *Farewell to Arms* or *The Red Badge of Courage*: these latter books are spirited but isolated reconnaissances; but they are the work of dilettanti. In Crane's time and even in the early Hemingway's, the United States was not seriously a military power.

If we turn from the negative aspect of Messrs. Jones and Mailer, to their new and positive contribution, it is still social and anthropological rather than literary. We can put it this way: that while the European war books of the late Twenties and early Thirties, from Jules Romains' *Verdun* to Malraux's *La Condition Humaine*, imposed an intellectual design upon the life lived in war and revolution, they did this from the point of view of the outraged, instructed man. Writers like Jones and Mailer impose the common man in bulk, whereas in Europe the same kind of man has a limited representation. Jones's soldier is an ox, but not a dumb ox. Interminably garrulous, never tired of the sound of his back-chat, an indefatigable flogger of his main subjects—sex, drink, pay, films, food and the devices of the old soldier—he has a quarter-baked mind and an aggressive wit. He believes in the Imperialism of the bad word. His continuous obscenity is lively, cynical and automatic. But he is a precocious adolescent, who is incapable, in his brothel and drinking scenes, of the fertile abandon in which such episodes have been traditionally done in literature. An inverted Puritan, he probably believes in the brothel. He often wishes he could marry his whore and he is knocked flat when he finds that the prostitute or the island girl lives in a very rigid and different pattern of behaviour. What makes this soldier revolutionary is the fact that his voice can now dominate in books. His vernacular has become dominant whereas, in Kipling's soldiers, for example, it is subordinate, regional and comic. Now it is comic or wicked to be an officer. Another revolutionary sign is that, as a character, the James Jones neanderthaler lacks pathos or tragedy. He is—from the point of view of literature—assertive and earnest. The bugler who transfers to the wrong company, the cook with the chip on his shoulder, the man who turns beserk on pay day, the queers who try to talk about Gauguin and discuss the excessive chastity of American women, are recognisable headaches of the Welfare Officer. These men are, or ought to be, the eternal soldier; but under democracy, they are solemnly working to shed their eternity and stick up for their temporal rights. Of course, they are in a special position: they belong to the corrupted army whose morale was slipping in Honolulu just before Pearl Harbour. They are regulars who, except for a brief last chapter, are not put to the vital test of their profession.

Mr. Jones achieves his mission, which is to supply American literature with the basic material of a missing subject. All his talk is good when taken a page at a time. His general reflections are humdrum and sentimental and there is a fatal underlying streak of self-pity. His main characters are no more than discernible. If we except First Sergeant Milton Warden who has the makings of a considerable character, the rest are types. Mr. Jones has merely an average interest in human nature. For him all roads lead only to sex, and the numberless copulations of this novel are meaningless transactions. He lacks, in every respect, a sense of proportion. Some critics have been repelled by the squalor of this novel, but repetition is its real vice. Compare this military documentary with Zola's *L'Assommoir* in its detailed pages, and one sees the difference between a well-trained writing factory and an artist.

After this it is refreshing to return to a writer of talent like Paul Bowles. Mr. Bowles's stories and novels are the work of an exposed nerve. The pain is felt before the experience. There is a perennial dryness and irony in American literature of which Bowles is the latest and most sophisticated exponent; it has the air of premature cynicism, prolongs the moment when civilisation itself becomes entirely anxiety and disgust. The husband and wife in *The Sheltering Sky* are essentially people who have been exhausted by the success of their country or their parents. They have the droop of the children of the new rich, the panic of beings too quickly formed. Bowles has been properly compared with D. H. Lawrence, for he has a marvellous eye for the foreign scene as it comes to the eye of the rich, rootless wanderer. He is also a brilliant collector of items of human isolation in its varying degrees of madness, and he is intellectually disapproving of both the isolated man and the man who has the merely apparent solidarity and gregariousness of the conventional urban creature. He feels Lawrence's scorn of the inner impotence and can describe with subtle effect the horrors and terrors to which this kind of man or woman is unconsciously drawn. The African journeys in *The Sheltering Sky* are skilful exercises in unease: the fright, the cruelty to be felt in the North African scene are exactly captured and they are matched by the doubts in the minds of the masochistic travellers. Mr. Bowles is also a sharp conversational observer of important psychological distinctions:

> Tunner himself was an essentially simple individual irresistibly attracted by whatever remained just beyond his intellectual grasp. Contenting himself with not being quite able to grasp an idea was a habit he had acquired in adolescence, and it operated in him now with still greater force. If he thought he could get on all sides of a thought, he concluded that it was an inferior one: there had to be an inaccessible part to it for his interest to be aroused. His attention did not spur him to additional thought. On the contrary, it merely provided him with an emotional satisfaction *vis à vis* the idea, making it possible for him to relax and admire it at a distance.

Tunner is a sound and original portrait of the average brutal man and done in an educated vernacular. He will wait for the prey's moment of panic and will collect enormous moral dividends after he has destroyed his victim.

Where Bowles fails is that in reducing the Lawrence situations—*The Sheltering Sky* can be compared with *The Woman who Rode Away*—to a kind of existentialist dimension, he has made them merely *chic*. The moral passion has vanished; even passion has gone. When the young widow in the novel is carried off by Arabs, raped by them, thrashed by Negro slaves and is "released" by it all, we admire the cleverness of Mr. Bowles in filling in—what one has always so much missed!—the local colour of the rape; but we are really back among the sexual fantasies of Mr. James Jones. In any case the master passion of the Arabs is surely theft and marketing. The doctrine of the meaninglessness of experience, and the purposelessness of life is valuable to the eye of wanderers and to the descriptive gifts of reporters who write well and whose eyes are skinned, but one feels the exhaustion that comes from experience which has not been experienced. In Camus and the masters of Mr. Bowles, one sees the humane passion subdued by the cool line; nothing human is alien to them; in Mr. Bowles, the refreshing skill conceals a frantic egoism. He has the cruelty of the tender watcher of moods. This moodiness of his writing contains its intelligent, listless charm, but we are touched merely by the pleasure of untractable discontent; put that beside any page of D. H. Lawrence.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* *From Here to Eternity*. By JAMES JONES. *Collins*. 18s.

† *The Sheltering Sky*. By PAUL BOWLES. *Lehmann*. 10s. 6d.

A VISIT TO BRONTELAND

The road climbs from the valley past the public
Park and turns, at the Haworth Co-operative Stores,
Into the grey stone village, and the steep
Street leading to the Parsonage, the Inn, the W.C.s;
To the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, high in trees.

The West Lane Baptists are putting on
Patience, the playbills say. The Heathcliffe Tearooms are aglow
With English teachers in sensible tweeds. Bearded cyclists
Lean on their pedals, and their saddles shine and sway
Up the hill to the Y.H.A.

Across the valley thick with mills
The fellside rises like an aerial map
Of fields and drystone walls and farms.
Pylons saunter over with a minimum of fuss,
And round the bend from Keighley comes the Brontë bus.

An arty signboard poses Charlotte in a crinoline
And ringlets, penning *Jane Eyre*, at a table, with a quill.
"This must be *it*."—The wondering Americans, like Technicolor ads.,
Have reverence plainly written on their open faces.
They know just how one should behave in hallowed places.

A sea of scriptured slabs
Shines in the graveyard under the twilight rain.
The cold winds are crying in the trees.
New heights above the pines
Are wuthered by tractors of open-cast mines.

The church where the Brontës worshipped
Is long demolished. Only a brass plate
Marks where their bones are buried. Smothered
In Parks Committee geraniums, Anne lies alone
In Scarborough Old Churchyard, under a dolled-up stone.

Now, in the village roofs, the television aerial aspires.
No idle toy would have tempted Branwell
From the "Bull," and brandy; or kept that sister
From her tragic poems. They knew they had nothing but the moor
And themselves. It is we, who want all, who are poor.

JAMES KIRKUP

SHEPHERD'S BUSH ECLOGUE

As I walked to Shepherd's Bush, I perceived it was truly pastoral,
For May, a Monna Vanna, a Mopsa, had tossed her cumuli,
Her flocks of white wool, into the azure and virginal
Fields of pure air that all over London lie.

I breathed a sursum corda; but a grief-worm in my breast
Twisted, and told me how all the riches of Spring
Are only a sandy fistful that runs through our fingers to waste;
For each of us is into continual exile travelling—

Moving away from life, and love, and lovers, and the light,
Since we fell from the womb's garden into this troubled stream.
Not here, not here is our franchise: these images of delight
Still fail and fleet and cheat us in the context of a dream.

O Muse, I said then, dear sister, how long will your voice be mute?
This is your season, surely: these moments furnish your cue—
Praise this delicious weather with your accentor's throat;
In the heart of a poem's crystal alone can the Spring come true.

JOHN HEATH-STUBBS

THE DEPRESSED YOUNG MAN

Boswell in Holland, 1763-1764. Edited by FREDERICK A. POTTLE. *Heinemann.* 25s.

Between *Boswell in Holland* 1763-1764 and *Boswell's London Journal* 1762-1763 there is unexpectedly little resemblance. In London Boswell was treading the heights—though he frequently tumbled into bogs and pot-holes—fired by the conviction that he had at length discovered the secret of how to enjoy life and manage his own character: this new volume shows him exploring the depths, oppressed by a sense of profound hopelessness and frequently wishing that he had never been born. The earlier book is deliberate autobiography, written, if not for publication, at least with all the literary art of which he was then capable, a communication from himself to his friends, behind whom he had already begun to distinguish the shadowy ranks of an immense posterity. In Holland he composed a similar journal; but the manuscript, which he entrusted to an acquaintance for transmission to Scotland, was lost soon after it had been concluded. The present book we owe to the patient devotion of Professor Pottle, who has reconstructed a detailed record of Boswell's Dutch experiences, using not only his private notes—those day-to-day admonitions in which he scolded himself for his folly and sloth or congratulated himself on his good conduct—but also a variety of letters to and from the great man. Though the general reader—particularly the reader who hopes for further scandalous revelations—may perhaps be disappointed, an attentive analyst of Boswell's career will find something to hold his attention at almost every turn of the story. Here the writer's defences are down. And even a personage as ruthlessly candid as Boswell indulges in some suppressions and evasions when he comes to paint a self-portrait.

The literary portrait was painted elsewhere. In these notes and letters and fragments of letters, Boswell is no longer the literary artist, but a puzzled and unhappy youth groping his way through a major moral crisis. That he was addicted to melancholy we knew: what we had scarcely suspected was the depth and darkness of the despair into which his malady plunged him. During later life he had many excuses for gloom—his failure at the bar in England, the involvement of his financial affairs, pangs of conscience and bouts of ill-health, both of them brought on by over-indulgence in wine and love. But at Utrecht he was young and healthy and, though obliged by his father to study law, comparatively independent. He was not a man who grew easily bored; and Holland was the first foreign country he had ever visited. It was not the country he would himself have chosen: yet it promised to yield a rich harvest of fresh impressions and novel sensations.

> . . . Resolve now study in earnest [he noted on August 1st, 1763, while he was still in London] . . . Keep your melancholy to yourself . . . Consider you're not so much a student as a traveller. Be a liberal student . . . Be reserved and calm, and sustain a consistent character . . . So when you return to Auchinleck, you'll have dignity.

But calm and reserve, consistency and dignity, were just the qualities he found it impossible to sustain during the tormented months that followed. Melancholy swept down, inexplicable and unprovoked. His personality seemed to break up into a dozen disorganised and jarring splinters.

Disaster had threatened before he embarked. "I set out upon my travels [he records] with a kind of gloom upon my mind. My enthusiastic love of London made me leave it with a heavy heart." No doubt he was homesick in Holland, and Utrecht was a depressing city; but a feeling more dreadful than homesickness quickly took possession of him, as he sat in his "high bedroom with old furniture" looking down across the main square, and, hour after hour, heard the great bells of the Cathedral play their "dreary psalm tune. A deep melancholy seized upon me. I groaned with the idea of living all winter in so

shocking a place. I thought myself old and wretched and forlorn." Convinced that he was on the point of going mad, he ran out into the streets, "and even in public could not refrain from groaning and weeping bitterly . . . Tortured in this manner, I determined to leave Utrecht, and next day returned to Rotterdam in a condition that I shudder to recollect. . . ."

Though his fears of insanity were evidently groundless, now, as on various later occasions, Boswell would appear narrowly to have avoided a serious mental breakdown. He longed to fly, he could not decide whither—"sometimes I thought of going to Berlin, sometimes to Geneva, sometimes to Paris; but above all of returning to London and my dear calm retreat in the Inner Temple." And, although by dint of courage and resolution he managed to force himself to retrace his steps to Utrecht and remain at work, more or less regularly and diligently until the summer of 1764, the terrors that had driven him thence were never far behind him.

Thus his record, apart from its other merits, is an absorbing picture of psychological malady; and, having watched Boswell grovelling and despairing, it is all the more pleasant to observe his mercurial temperament as it strives and prevails against the powers of darkness. He yearned to be good and distinguished and wise; and "you can't conceive what magnanimity the very pursuit of these objects inspires." Small sensuous pleasures came to his rescue—the satisfaction, for example, of washing his feet in warm water: "if I receive so much delight from washing my feet, how great must have been the luxury of the Romans, who solaced thus their entire bodies"—and the amusement he derived from cutting a fine figure as a man of fashion, in scarlet and gold, with white silk stockings, handsome pumps and a silver-and-silk sword knot, not to mention his Barcelona handkerchief and the "elegant toothpick-case which you had in a present from a lady." At such moments he forgot his miseries and counted

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his advantages—often becoming so cheerfully boisterous that next day he was obliged to upbraid himself for having gone a shade too far.

Usually his admonitions had the desired result, and he was able to note that "you did very well yesterday, only you transgressed a little in talking of yourself." Modesty and sobriety did not go unrewarded; and by June 17th he could report a "fine gentle flow of spirits." A contributory cause, however, was the interesting friendship he had formed with a young woman of twenty-three, Isabella Agneta Elisabeth van Tuyll, Belle de Zuylen, better known as "Zélide," later to become Madame de Charrière, the motherly mistress of Benjamin Constant. Boswell's correspondence with Belle de Zuylen, and with her aristocratic and conventional father, occupies nearly a hundred pages of Professor Pottle's excellent volume. It is a strange relationship these letters reveal. On Zélide's side there was real affection and a clear-sighted appreciation of Boswell's abounding charm and talent. She loved his candour, his genuine originality. But Boswell, on his side, was apt to be "shocked or rather offended with her unlimited vivacity." She had wild ideas about the intercourse of the sexes, and liked to express them at the most inopportune moments. "... She had no pleasure in realities. All must be ideal, all visionary." There were times when she struck him as a "frantic libertine." He was "touched with regret at the thoughts of parting from her," yet pitied the man who became the "angelic creature's" husband. "For my part, I choose to be safe"; and probably his choice was not altogether ill-judged. Lord Auchinleck might have shuddered at Zélide: Johnson would certainly have frowned, had his protégé ventured to introduce so dashing and so rebellious a wife. A restless young woman of near-genius was scarcely suited to an excitable young man with too much genius for his own good.

PETER QUENNELL

CHATTO

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ASIA BY INTERVIEW

Voices of Asia. By JAMES A. MICHENER. *Secker & Warburg.* 21s.

James Michener, sports columnist, University Teacher, and an Associate Editor in New York, served in the American Navy during the war and his first book, *Tales of the South Pacific*, was adapted to the musical comedy of that same title. He has, as he says, "an itching foot" and a "monomania on Asia." Convinced that the destiny of the United States will be largely determined by its relations with Asia, he set out to discover what was in the minds of Asian people. He exploded his questions to 120 Asians in interviews which never lasted less than two hours and many of them bulged over nights, exciting, revealing, argumentative. Although they were weighted by his own prejudices, they reflect a mind genuinely bewildered by the tangle of old civilisations and new revolutionary ideas which he met in every country he visited (all of Asia except China, Nepal and Ceylon), and startled by his nightmare of America's doom if the present hostility in Asia spread to Europe and Africa. To his interviews he adds brief summaries of what "informed Americans should know" and his last chapter provides "basic facts and a few rules" which, if observed, will give Americans "a second chance in Asia."

The "new Women of Asia" revealed most about themselves. They were shy, modest, tiny, slim, delectable, winsome of smile and lively of wit; in all, "adorable little revolutionists." This they had in common, they married for love. Papas and Mamas were shocked, humiliated and invariably hurt when their daughters chose their own husbands, but experience often proved that romance and friendship were effective substitutes for tradition and a substantial income. Not that these young women were always strictly accurate; Ryuko, a Japanese girl assured the author that "most Japanese girls who have G.I. babies without being married would have had Japanese babies the same way if the Americans had not come." This may have reassured Mr. Michener; it is a bleak euphemism to social workers in Japan to-day who are trying to find homes for 200,000 "occupation orphans" discarded, mainly, by American fathers.

Indian women discussed the Hindu Code Bill which Mr. Michener heard debated in Parliament. Although it was sacrificed temporarily to satisfy the "old voices" of Indian politicians, he was convinced that "the finest people in India are for this Bill" which will revolutionise the status of women, legalising divorce, forbidding polygamy, and giving them the right to inherit money and land. Mr. Michener makes the surprising remark that if he were told to spend the rest of his life trying to help America he would go to India, "for sound American-Indian relations could be the foundation of our entire policy in Asia." The reason for this is his belief that American policy has created such suspicion of her intentions in Asia, that India is now the only potential bridge; if these two countries cannot co-operate on common problems he believes, "then all we can do is to retreat to a tenuous friendship with Japan and pray to God that the rest of Asia does not blow up in our face."

The other "voices of Asia" are varied, although they sometimes speak as if they are being interviewed for the "Voice of America Programme." It is this approach which introduces confusion into a picture which is otherwise friendly and attractively free from that arrogance characteristic of many Western writers. I suspect that Mr. Michener's own conscience speaks through the synthetic "old China hand," a composite character of eight people, all of them Americans. "Let's face it like men" this mythical wise man says: "Along the entire coast of Asia a KEEP OUT sign has been posted. And it's going to stay there for a generation." Advocating retreat, he suggests a return with a new programme of "equals meeting to discuss mutual problems." But the author is honest enough to admit that the Americans he met in Asia more frequently resembled Linus Benniman (not his real name), a business man who thought Mary Martin must be "terrific," liked Tschaikowsky and the University of Minnesota football team, and prowled around selling scrap for a "a fast buck" even to Chinese Communists.

A last chapter shows Mr. Michener boldly trying to reconcile these two voices of America in his forecast of the future:

> To-day Holland is a lovable and restricted little land while great Indonesia has become a focal point of world history. It is possible that within fifty years we shall remember Great Britain with affectionate reverence as a group of relatively inconsequential islands with a glorious past, while India becomes one of the three or four major nations of the earth. It is also possible—I think probable if we continue to make basic mistakes—for the United States to become a museum relic like Greece, honoured in memory for having brought to the world a fresh clean version of freedom; while Asia becomes the effective centre of the world. Such a decline is not inevitable, but we can avert it only through intelligence, tolerance and hard work.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

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Modern English Painters: Sickert to Smith. By JOHN ROTHENSTEIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25s.

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"These things," wrote Sickert, "are done by gangs"; and time was when lusty war was waged by London's painter gangs, when the New English and the Camden Town lads defied the Royal Academy (though Orpen, John and McEvoy were soon captured by its blandishments) and Wyndham Lewis and his Vorticists hurled *Blast* at all and sundry, and Nevinson beat the drum for Marinetti's Futurists, and Rutter organised "No Jury" exhibitions and the Bloomsbury gang reposed aloof on the knees of Fry like the couchant boy in Epstein's *Night* above the Underground. Those stirring days came back to me as I read Sir John Rothenstein's essays on seventeen English painters working in his lifetime (he was born in 1901)—Sickert, Steer, Ethel Walker and Lucien Pissarro, Tonks and Sir William Rothenstein, Gilman, Gore and Ginner, Pryde, Nicholson and Gwen John, Orpen, John and McEvoy, Matthew Smith and Frances Hodgkins; for all these artists (except Matthew Smith and Frances Hodgkins who might well have been reserved for the second volume, *From Lewis to Freud*, announced on the jacket) belonged, as is well known, to the New English and the Camden Town gangs. Sir John, of course, had contacts with these from his childhood, so that he writes for the most part of artists he has known in person, well or slightly, or of whom he has heard a great deal from their intimates. Thanks to these contacts, and to earlier writers, he now brings them before us as individuals with personal minds and characters and psychic conflicts resolved or aggravated by their friendships, their enmities and their fortunes, and as painters influenced by their training, their travels and the impact of the Post-Impressionist Exhibitions which left none of them untouched. His book will therefore be consulted as long as there is interest in all or any of these artists, for it has the kind of value of, say, Karel van Mander's notes on sixteenth-century Flemish painters or of George Moore's records of his contemporaries. Like Moore (a follower of Boswell) Sir John does not hesitate in some cases to put himself into the picture, though like Boswell (and unlike Moore) he stands continually with his back to us pointing to his subject; and his conversation pieces are attractive because he truly reveres these particular painters or is gravely interested in them. I shall not forget his visit to Ethel Walker, nearly ninety, crouched by her studio fire, regarding rows of her assembled pictures and wonderfully certain of their beauty; or the dinner with his uncle Orpen obsessed by

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"the millions of mangled corpses in the Flanders slime," or the scene where he rebukes his father for indiscreet disparagement of Sickert and is in turn rebuked more neatly than ever Boswell was by Johnson.

There are critical comments mingled with the biography in these essays, and also in the thoughtful Introduction which precedes them. Most of the assessments are by now traditional among those who admire these artists, but some are challenging. In general, as I see things, Sir John takes too little into account the central technical principle that has long united clear-headed painters—the resolve to fight the camera by leaving to the camera and the cinema all that the camera and the cinema can do, since the painter who cannot work without those elements had better sell his brushes and buy a camera instead. The most diverse paintings are seen, on analysis, to be affected by this decision and the adventures it has launched. Sickert's colourful and light-hearted *Sir Nigel Playfair* for example, though probably painted from a photograph, is almost purged of the camera's vision; Gilman's tender pen drawing of *Mrs. Mounter*, and the colour and formalising in the ponderous picture that he painted from it, are also blows against Daguerre's descendants who can so easily and quickly record the light on charladies' faces—and that not only when the ladies are posing for their portraits.

The Camden Town adventures in the battle against the camera seem at first thought remote from the "classical subject pictures" by the Victorian Academicians who made piles of money and built themselves impressive décors with Arab courts and fountains and marble atria and staircases of burnished brass—as related with amusing irony by Mr. Gaunt in his *Victorian Olympus*. Alma Tadema, at any rate, was untroubled by this enemy since he spoke of the camera as his servant. But when I read in Sir John's book that Matthew Smith, aged ten, elaborately copied a portrait of Lord Leighton in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I fell to wondering if Leighton would have looked respectfully at the later Smith's devices to escape from the camera's vision, and perhaps compared them with his own escape by way of the Elgin Marbles and the German Nazarenes. And then, in horror, I asked myself the question: Can it be that Leighton's ashen Kensington-Olympic caryatids and Smith's magenta Fitzroy-Parisian odalisques are really sister sufferers in the same good cause? Are Leighton and Smith both saying to the cameramen: "You think that you have killed the Art of Painting. But by Zeus and Matisse, there's lots of life in the old dog yet"?

R. H. WILENSKI

A POET OF THE NORTHERN ISLES

The Collected Poems of Edwin Muir. *Faber.* 15*s.*

This volume includes all Edwin Muir's published poems, up to the present, with some omissions from the earlier volumes, and nine poems written since the publication of *The Labyrinth.* Reading them in the order in which they were written—the work of nearly thirty years—I was impressed by the steady development in thought and technique. Mr. Muir has reached his poetic maturity relatively late, and has emerged as one of the finest poets now writing, after two literary generations younger than himself have been successively acclaimed. Edwin Muir is pre-eminently a philosophic poet. Everything in his work seems thrice-distilled, purged of the topical, the personal, and the decorative, until the vision reached is that of the enduring essences.

Edwin Muir's boyhood was spent in the Orkneys; and this is all-important. So also is the fact that he was torn away from his early home. The visionary radiance that surrounds the world of childhood in the poetry of Traherne, Wordsworth and Muir, comes as much from the later exile, as from the early enjoyment of Eden. Childhood hangs suspended in memory, and things remembered pass through successive distillations to become the elements of a symbolism in which the qualities they bring from the natural world become not so much lost, as absorbed. Horses, remembered from childhood, thus first appear in the context of the poet's individual experience:

> Their hooves like pistons in an ancient mill
> Move up and down, yet seem as standing still.

In a later poem, they become detached from time, place, and a particular occasion:

> Our horses pace and pace
> Like steeds for ever labouring on a shield,
> Keeping their solitary heraldic courses.

Finally, in a much later poem, *The Toy Horse*, time and place seem to move past the permanence of the arrested image:

> And, lingering, halts the turning sun;
> Endless departure, endless rest.

Edwin Muir's principal theme is the relation of time to the timeless; and to those who know the Northern Isles, this theme will seem to owe as much to this natural and human background as to the purity of the poet's own vision. In those northern summers, the long days seem to hold the isles in a timeless enchantment; and, in the human world, the people of the Bronze-age villages and the Norsemen who looted the long barrows seem less remote from the crofters of the present day than do New York or London. The retrospect is not that of history—which, for the most part, has passed them by—as that of prehistory, and behind that, in unbroken continuity, the gradual processes of nature since "the starting-day." Reverence for the ancestral remains stronger than the idea of progress characteristic of this rootless age; and Edwin Muir sees past and future existing together in a single Here, through which time runs like a road that can be followed to its end, or retraced to its source. His imagination moves freely between past and future, as in *The Journey Back*.

> I take my journey back to see my kindred,
> Old founts dried up, whose rivers run on far
> Through you and me.

Progress and return are not opposite, but similar, since they both lead out of time to eternity; so, of the Crucifixion, he writes that the Cross will become a tree again,

> In a green springing corner of young Eden
> And Judas damned take his long journey back
> From darkness into light, and be a child
> Beside his mother's knee.

Only the individual life is time-bound, and can follow the Road, in one direction only. Time is compared to a labyrinth, a road, and a dream; it is the human illusion, but is not ultimately binding. In a Blake-like image, Edwin Muir describes man as leaning his face "far out from eternity for time to work its work on." Like Rilke, Muir sees animals as living their lives in a timeless world. When he uses—as in the very fine recent poems *The Succession, Moses, Adam's Dream*, and many others—Biblical imagery or, almost as often, the Homeric legend, one feels that it is because the modes of living and feeling in that pastoral world are nearer to humanity than the nightmare labyrinth of the machine age: distances in time have little significance for Muir, who measures distances, rather, from the eternal. Nevertheless, he has written poems like *The Good Town*, that are as moving as any that have been written about the contemporary tragedy.

Mr. Muir writes of the racial and collective rather than of the individual experience; all history is one event, all lives are episodes in the one lifetime of Adam. "This kind of poetry, which springs so organically from the archetypal world, is rare in English literature" Mr. J. C. Hall writes in his introduction, and mentions Blake. In part it is Muir's Norse and Scots inheritance, in part his individual exploration of the collective. In one of the latest poems, *Day and Night*, he writes:

> The night, the night alone is old
> And showed me only what I knew,
> Knew, yet never had been told;
> A speech that from the darkness grew

Too deeply for daily tongues to-day,
Archaic dialogue of a few
Upon the sixth or seventh day.

Archetypal imagery is more often talked of than found in contemporary poetry. Auden occasionally transplants an archetype from the textbooks of the psychologists ; Robert Graves, with his far greater scholarship and artistry, seeks his goddesses at their historical sources, yet in his poems they generally remain concepts to which he pays a purely intellectual reverence ; but Edwin Muir has in common with Yeats the power to create symbols that take on the quality of the supernatural. Often, indeed, both in the metres he employs—the three-stressed line, and the masterly use of rhyme and shifting half-rhyme patterns—his poems recall the later poems of Yeats, though he has none of the ornate splendour of the earlier Yeats. He is perhaps inclined to be repetitive—or, rather he returns to the same few primary themes that make up his symbolic world, and seem, like primitive myths, to have an autonomous existence apart from, and beyond, any particular poem. From the nature of his imagination, one might guess that Edwin Muir may well write his finest poetry in his old age ; the quality of the most recent poems, like *The Succession*, *The Annunciation*, *Day and Night*, shows him still at the height of his powers. The most original poetry is not necessarily the work of a " young " poet.

KATHLEEN RAINE

NEW NOVELS

The Struggles of Albert Woods. By WILLIAM COOPER. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

No Bail for the Judge. By HENRY CECIL. *Chapman & Hall.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Illustrated Man. By RAY BRADBURY. *Hart-Davis* 11*s.* 6*d.*

The Nightingale. By RICHARD CHURCH. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In the spring of 1950 there appeared a first novel which attracted an unusual amount of attention. It was called *Scenes from Provincial Life*, and the author was Mr. William Cooper. The book was, in the main, the story of the end of a love affair, and it was remarkable because it was both elegiac and funny. It had other qualities as well, and while one did not feel that it was in any way a contrived or manufactured book—it was too full of life for that—one did feel that the fusion of the qualities was not quite perfect, that Mr. Cooper, while possessing an admirable repertoire of strokes, had yet to create his own game.

In *The Struggles of Albert Woods* he has done so. We first meet Albert Woods as a schoolboy in a provincial town, a clever brash boy of the bouncing, radical, self-righteous, snobbish, nice, vulgar, lower middle class. We see him briefly as a chemistry student at the local university, but it is not until he becomes a researcher at Oxford that we really take up with him; it is not indeed until he reaches Oxford that he really takes up with himself. For this, in the early Twenties, was a social step, and *The Struggles of Albert Woods* is among other things a study in that snobbery which is by no means specially English, but which, in its terms of reference—schools, universities, clubs, country houses and public life, the county and the peerage—has its own ambivalent, durian-like flavour. For Albert, the way is mapped—a Fellowship, a good marriage, the Royal Society, a Chair, a Knighthood. To attain these, he has his struggles, but these struggles are complicated by his internal struggles against climbing and fakery. Mr. Cooper handles Albert's struggles with a kind of holy joy; the method and atmosphere of scientific research, its odd combination of obsession, frustration and sheer triviality, is put across most economically and most tellingly.

So much for content; in treatment this book is a robust comedy, admirably carried off by a writer who is not merely "funny," but mature and compassionate. Mr. Cooper's novel should be immensely popular; it deserves popularity because it is, in fact, the thing for which there is such a demand. the thing that so many authors attempt, and so few achieve—a novel that is both intelligent and happy. It would be evasive in a reviewer to avoid, merely because it is obvious, the comparison with the Kipps—Mr. Polly—Mr. Lewisham novels of H. G. Wells. In technique, however, *The Struggles of Albert Woods* is not twentieth or even nineteenth-century; it belongs to the eighteenth. It is a showmanlike technique, masculine and a little boisterous, grabbing your attention and directing it—with a ruthlessly hypnotic readability—upon the performance of the actors, indulging in appreciative asides, inviting your opinion, challenging you, every now and again, to have a go at writing the book yourself. This approach contributes to the highly individual flavour of Mr. Cooper's achievement.

Mr. Henry Cecil may resemble Mr. Cooper in being immensely readable, but among fiction-writers he is a kind of sport. His stories—both his two earlier volumes and the present one—rely above all on one quality, an extraordinary, an arresting, a really staggering ingenuity. Even his style, the crisp, easy style of a good raconteur, pales beside the coruscations of this ingenuity. Here, as formerly, it is applied to the Law. We are concerned with the trial for murder of a High Court Judge, with prostitutes and with ponces, but you are not meant to take the events quite seriously; Mr. Cecil's art consists largely in using a formidable intelligence to push to their logical conclusions happenings which life would leave in an illogical mess. He is perhaps at his best in short stories, but *No Bail for the Judge* is an admirable entertainment in a genre which, I should imagine, is literally inimitable.

What the law is to Mr. Cecil, the future is to Mr. Bradbury, whose earlier book, *The Silver Locusts*, was set on Mars. The apparatus of his future is the same as that of pulp-magazine science fiction, but his use of it is intensely serious, and it requires an effort for us to accept space ships, the climate of Venus, and so on, in this way. Moreover, since the book is a collection of short stories or sketches, connected only in the most mechanical way, the jump into the future has to be made afresh each time.

All this would not matter so much if Mr. Bradbury's use of his material were truly imaginative. Most of his effects, however, could be obtained as effectively in the present day, with the ordinary mechanisms of, say, aviation, exploration, and current scientific research, and it is not a great triumph to have obtained these effects by means that are so bizarre. In fact, the effects are often banal enough, and the characters more so. Yet the effect of the book as a whole is not one of mere failure, but rather of perversity. Mr. Bradbury is a gifted writer, and one of his most noteworthy gifts is his ability to conjure up particular aspects of that physical world which his space-rockets are always leaving behind. His evocation of the African desert in *The Veld* is superb, and this is perhaps for that reason the most memorable story in the book. The next most memorable thing is the description of a sun-dome, which simulates on Venus the normal atmosphere of the earth. So it is hard not to feel that Mr. Bradbury's concentration upon the unearthly is misguided.

The Nightingale, on the other hand, is, for want of a better word, a "straight" novel, relying upon the normal insights, and the usual material, of the novelist. The fact that Mr. Church has written a modern-dress version of the myth of Philomela does not in itself make his novel stand out; what is more remarkable is the virtuosity with which he has written a novel which actually partakes of the qualities of the singing with which it largely deals. The book could well be discussed in terms of opera, of recitative, chorus, aria; but Mr. Church's feeling for singing, being as much magical and incantatory as it is dramatic, recalls ancient Greece rather than modern Europe, and is not unworthy of his invocation of Philomela. Modern Europe, in the person of the German Terenius and the Jewess Miss Cohen, were, I thought, an unwelcome intrusion not in tune with the Greek nightingale.

J. D. SCOTT

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MISTER SOPHISTICATION

Ross and the New Yorker. By DALE KRAMER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In the early Twenties the air of London, Paris and New York was thick with literary manifestoes. One more, coming late in the summer of 1924, aroused little excitement. Disguised as a magazine prospectus, it declared:

> The *New Yorker* will be a reflection in mood and picture of metropolitan life. It will be human. Its general tenor will be one of gaiety, wit and satire, but it will be more than a jester. It will be what is commonly called sophisticated in that it will assume a reasonable degree of enlightenment on the part of its readers. It will hate bunk. . . .
>
> The *New Yorker* will be the magazine that is not edited for the old lady in Dubuque. It will not be concerned with what she is thinking about. . . .

A new note in American experience had been struck. The Regency beau in the glossy topper and high cravat who adorned the *New Yorker's* first issue became the symbol of a generation and of a mood. The generation—it included Gershwin and Scott Fitzgerald—has passed: the mood and the attitude it created survive triumphantly in the glossy pages of Ross's magazine. It was here that the new barbarian elegance, the spirit of the witty children of nature, of the Fifth Avenue Red Indians brandishing their gay tomahawks and poison-tipped arrows, became crystallised into a golden formula. They used their quizzing-glass as a piercing ray that burned the fat off Manhattan complacencies.

In this longest and best of *New Yorker* profiles, Mr. Kramer shows us how it was done. He tells the story of the magazine's creator, Harold Wallace Ross, the inspired roughneck from Colorado, whose flair for negative criticism amounted to genius. Ross never knew what he wanted. "This," he would growl to a writer or cartoon artist, "comes nearer to it:" But he knew what he didn't want. The glow of the *New Yorker* formula was lit from its editor's rejection slips. The magazine's beginnings were hard; at least twice it came near disappearing altogether. At the outset, the staff and contributors—at one time or another they included Woollcott, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Thurber, Ogden Nash, James M. Cain and John O'Hara—seldom exceeded "the top age limit of twenty-five that Ross seems to have set." As the full talent assembled, a spirit of wild misrule reigned in the dingy corridors on West Forty-Fifth Street. Staff members roller-skated to and fro from conferences, "Miss Lipstick," the night-life columnist, worked in her slip. When Ross rebuked Dorothy Parker for being in a speakeasy instead of on the job, she told him "someone was using the pencil." It was a saturnalia mixed with blood and tears. Ross himself provided the hectic note. A generous hirer, he was a formidable firer as well, and his lavish pay cheques were earned at the price of stomach ulcers and suicidal dreams. Strong men sobbed over their typewriters at sight of the grim, uncouth figure shambling out of his Proutian cork-lined room to come and sit on the edge of their desks.

But the formula glowed. There was Helen Hokinson with her cartoons of fat women ("Why I Hate the Sea Though My Father Was a Sailor"); Ben Hecht frenziedly panning the cult for Harlem ("My Set has discovered something too marvellous for words. Negroes! Oodles and oodles of them. Big ones and little ones. Harlem, way this side of the Zoo!"); and there was Dorothy Parker, who "distilled her sorrow for the light quaffing of a flippant generation" in "Songs of a Markedly Personal Nature":

> Because your eyes are slant and slow,
> Because your hair is sweet to touch,
> My heart is high again but, Oh,
> I doubt if this will get me much!

There were, of course, Thurber's dogs.

> It started as a joke on a friend who doodled while talking on the telephone. Thurber drew a dog on each page of his friend's memopad. The dog was a curious looking animal. It had a bloodhound's large head and body and the short legs of a basset. No man's memo pad was safe from the sawed-off dogs. Some people came to fear invasion by them the way Dakota farmers do the approach of grass-hopper hordes.

Above all, there was E. B. White, the *New Yorker* Hazlitt, a gentle spirit whose prose was the best in the paper. Mr. Kramer puts a softer nib in his pen when he writes about White, who, he tells us, "registered the crashing thunder and the delicate tickings of the great city." It was White, Marc Connelly declared, "who brought the steel and the music to the magazine."

Occasionally, the formula grew dim. It flickered badly in the Slump when the magazine commented, "It is amusing to see a fat land quaking in paunchy fright," and later during the war, before Ross had assembled his staff of war correspondents. Yet, in 1946, it produced John Hersey's *Hiroshima*. To-day the chief fear of those handling the formula is that it may "go soft" on them. "Our trouble," Ross groaned many times before his death, "is we're in a plush-lined rut!" No man was ever less in a rut than Ross himself. Three times married, plagued by a hopping-mad indigestion that caused him to filter drinks through his table napkin and demand stewed oranges in smart restaurants, he had the volcanic energy of the manic-depressive. He fought Henry Luce in print and the Stork Club in person; he mailed his underdrawers to Walter Winchell after the columnist had made a disparaging suggestion. His passion for typographical accuracy was obsessional. Fearing lest the night proof-reader might change "drop of a ha'" to "drop of a hat," legend has it that he returned to the printers late at night, crawled under the press and checked the forme with a flashlight. All this and much more Mr. Kramer relates with gusto. His study will appeal to all who are interested in learning how a single magazine was able to revolutionise humour, advertisement and the art of the cartoon throughout America.

There is one strange *gaffe* on page 117, where C. E. Montague's satire, *A Hind Let Loose*, is described as "a book of British newspaper reminiscences." An odd howler for Mr. Kramer and his English publishers to have made.

JOHN RAYMOND

SHORTER REVIEWS

Southwards from China: A Survey of South-East Asia since 1945. By WOODROW WYATT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In space, Mr. Wyatt's book covers six thousand miles around the world; in time, he provides a most useful sketch of the two or three centuries since Western traders plunged into the rich lands of South-East Asia and a more detailed survey based on his personal knowledge of the post-war world when the legend of Western permanence was shattered, and one country after another achieved its independence. With much skill (though, unfortunately, with many inaccuracies) he shows how the alliance of Western traders with the pliable aristocracies of India and Burma, Indo-China and Indonesia has enriched both partners, how both have benefited from the "two hundred years of slumber of national instincts which seem so strange to the Western mind."

When the light of nationalism blazed over thousands of villages and a few scattered cities where 600 million people lived, many on the edge of starvation, it challenged Western colonialism and the feudalism of South-East Asia. Woodrow Wyatt boldly welcomes this challenge, but unhappily his anti-Communist

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obsession throughout the book distorts his view of the new relationship which the West and South East Asia may yet achieve together. "The first round in the struggle for the soul of South-East Asia," he writes, "has, thanks to the Labour Government, been won by the West." Certainly, political freedom for India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon were the first essential. Mr. Wyatt envisages the next round as the Colombo Plan and the American dollar versus the Soviet Union and Communist China. This is an increasingly dangerous over-simplification. The question uppermost in Asian minds is whether the dynamic of Communism imperils their newly achieved independence any more than the atomic energy of American expansionism with which the West is only too easily identified.

To Teach the Senators Wisdom. By J. C. MASTERMAN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

What we have learned of Oxford from Max, Mr. Waugh, Arnold, Miss Nancy Mitford and the author of *Verdant Green*, is now supplemented by Mr. Masterman, who takes a don's-eye view of the mystery. He introduces us to the Fellows of St. Thomas's College at a moment when the peace of their Long Vacation has been shattered by the news that three important Americans, whom they take to be Senators at least, are coming to visit them. Tennant, the Curator of Common Room, decides that the best way to parry the inevitable flood of questions from their guests is to compile a guide-book dealing with the aims, methods and traditions of the University. The rest of the book is made up of his colleagues' discussions on what form the guide should take, and they are still arguing when the three Americans make their disconcerting, if foreseeable appearance.

This labyrinthine approach gives Mr. Masterman the excuse—"the guide-book should be the chestnuts' Valhalla," says Tennant—to attempt to charm us with delicate anecdotes and celebrate some notable characters. His dons range from the vague old College historian to the severe young scientist for whom the most beautiful view in Oxford is that of the windows in the School of Pathology behind which Florey developed penicillin. Yet, on the whole, the charm fails to work. The dons, the buildings, the views, the anecdotes, have become so mellow as to be almost monotonous. They have no life, no bite. When Mr. Masterman quotes admiringly a passage from Mgr. Knox's *Let Dons Delight* he unwittingly passes the acutest criticism on his own work by comparing it with the Master's. The book is not helped by its illustrations; of the two reproductions of paintings by Edward I. Halliday, "Undergraduate Conversation Piece" and "The Tutorial," the first looks like an advertisement for undergraduate suiting, and the second like a rather dull photograph. Mr. Masterman's book makes one realise how much *Anatomy of Oxford*, the anthology compiled by C. Day Lewis and Charles Fenby in 1938, deserves reprinting.

Medieval Philosophy. By FREDERICK C. COPLESTON. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This book takes as its subject the whole course of European philosophy from St. Augustine to Nicholas of Cusa. To cover in the space of 180 small pages the thought of ten centuries—dark though some of it may be—is clearly no light task and Father Copleston deserves great credit for undertaking it at all. Any criticism of his book must generously take into account the appalling difficulties which surely beset him at every stage in the writing of it. All the same, *Medieval Philosophy*—which is the latest volume to appear in the Home Study Books—is not an altogether successful essay in the writing of popular philosophy. The sketchiness is at times positively worrying. Perhaps Father Copleston would have been better advised to have concentrated on a few central figures and to have contented himself with merely mentioning the minor characters by name in passing. Indeed, when in the latter part of the book, he virtually adopts this as his manner of proceeding, the result is far happier. The sections on William of Ockham, the Ockhamists and that strangely ambiguous figure in the history of ideas, Nicholas of Cusa, are by far the best things in the book.

Again, though Father Copleston suceeds in writing about any difficult ideas with extreme simplicity, he perhaps goes excessively far in this direction. Reduced to a few bleak propositions successively deserted and denied by a whole sequence of philosophers, medieval thought, as seen through the eyes of Fr. Copleston, begins to look like what he tries his hardest to have us believe that it wasn't: a bare, barren, joyless, intellectual game. One begins to long for the context, the motives, the dilemmas, the full complexity of thought and language against which all this dialectic must be set. In metaphysics, the wealth of the system is everything. This is, however, a careful and erudite book, full of patience and tolerance, catholic in every sense of the word.

A Stranger in the Midlands. By ANNE TRENEER. *Cape.* 15*s.*

After the accounts of her childhood in Cornwall that she gave in *Schoolhouse in the Wind* and *Cornish Years*, in this book Miss Treneer describes her life as a schoolmistress at King Edward's School for Girls, Birmingham, during the Thirties and Forties. She has written a delightful fragment of autobiography, the charm and merit of which consist in its complete unpretentiousness and its exact and poetic observations of nature and human beings. For Miss Treneer the Midlands, and Birmingham in particular, were almost a foreign country, and Birmingham she met and conquered on her own terms: there is something very attractive in the spectacle of the schoolmistress who lived in a tent on Clent Hills and rode to New Street every day on her motor bicycle. Later, she had her own cottage in a village near Stratford-upon-Avon. But in her twenty years in Birmingham she was able to explore the whole of the country round the city, Shropshire, Worcestershire, Warwickshire.

As an introduction to the landscape and spirit of these counties this book could scarcely be bettered, for her appreciation of the Midland countryside is at once enthusiastic and subtle: her evocations of the Malvern Hills are memorable. Birmingham she saw mainly as a place to work in and escape from, but she succeeds admirably in capturing the feel of that dark enormous nineteenth-century museum-piece with its self-absorbed twentieth-century life. She is rightly proud of her association with King Edward's School, and perceptively analyses its relation to the life of the city. What impresses in the end is the clarity of her eye and the justness of her feelings; it is a pleasure, for instance, to come across her account of that remarkable and disinterested couple, Martin and Denne Gilkes, who did so much to make Birmingham what it was in the Thirties—the liveliest intellectual and artistic centre in the provinces.

Building in England, down to 1540: a documentary history. By L. F. SALZMAN. *Oxford.* 50*s.*

The twenty-two chapters of this book are packed tight with factual information about every aspect of building in the English middle ages—masons, their functions, organisations and wages; building in stone and brick; plastering, glazing, wattle-and-daub, timber-framing, roofing in thatch or tiles, sanitation, building equipment and a great deal else. These chapters, however, fill only half the book and are followed by three massive appendices giving descriptive passages from medieval writers, excerpts from building contracts and from employment contracts. These, and, indeed, the whole book, will be of permanent value to writers on English Gothic architecture, and on medieval economic and technological history. The book is in short, a vast quarry—or, more properly, a quarry which has been worked and all the stone stacked up ready for use. For Mr. Salzman scarcely attempts to build with his own material or to give any broad picture of the vast national industry which is his subject. That, he might contend, could and should be another book. It is certain that whoever writes it will lean heavily upon Mr. Salzman's monumental compilation.

The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. By WILLIAM MCELWEE. *Faber.* 21*s.*

Mr. McElwee, who is both senior history master at Stowe School and a novelist as well, is convinced, according to his dust cover, that "historical truth, if

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it is known in sufficient detail, is as amusing and exciting as historical fiction." Certainly the story of the luckless and ambitious *arriviste,* who tried to intrigue his way to the top of the Court of James I and was poisoned for his pains by the Countess of Essex, is exciting enough. After a shaky first chapter, in which the clichés of the school textbook rebuff the reader's interest, Mr. McElwee succeeds in his endeavour to tell a good story without diverging from historical truth. He has digested a vast amount of contemporary evidence, and his narrative runs smoothly against a complex background of political and personal intrigue. The characters, in particular Sir Thomas himself, who combined obtuseness and ability in nicely balanced proportions, and the King, whom Mr. McElwee succeeds in making sympathetic, slowly emerge as real people.

It is a little misleading to suggest that *The Murder of Sir Thomas Overbury* has either the construction of a novel or the suspense of a detective story. It stands on its own merits as a readable piece of historical reconstruction—good wine, which, despite its author's anxieties, needs no fictional bush.

Chess from Morphy to Botwinnik. By IMRE KÖNIG. *Bell.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

500 Master Games of Chess. Edited by S. G. TARTAKOWER and J. DU MONT. *Bell.* 2 *vols.* 50*s.*

König's book fully lives up to its ambitious subtitle *A Century of Chess Evolution*; it is fascinating indeed to see the development of opening theory within that period copiously recorded, thoroughly analysed and expertly assessed. Obviously, a subject of such magnitude cannot be accommodated in one volume, and the fact that 38 fully annotated games and over 70 pages are devoted to Ruy Lopez alone is a measure of the author's thoroughness. Other openings dealt with in the present volume are the Queen's Gambit, the English Opening and, significantly, the King's Gambit, the theory of which has certainly developed most remarkably from Anderssen and Morphy to Keres and Bronstein. One looks forward to the next volume which is to include an equally well documented history of the Sicilian and the French Defence

Not quite as instructive but no less entertaining is Tartakower's and du Mont's anthology, also grouped according to openings, and containing all the "classics one ought to know" as well as very recent games and some going back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,168

S t by Guy Walsingham.

Competitors are invited to write a descriptive note on the appearance, habits, habitat and so on, with directions for cultivation or rearing, of any one of the following: the Jersey Lily, the Dumb Ox of Sicily, the Swan of Avon, the Little Flower, the Serpent of Old Nile, the Lion of the North, or the Viper of Milan. Limit 150 words. Entries by July 22.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,165

Set by J. B. Roderic

Departing holiday-makers from Britain are invited to compose an eight-line poem in anticipation of foreign food.

Report by J. B. Roderic

The reverse of this competition, set last September (*returning*-holiday-makers on *British* food), produced a far better entry. The bitter prospect of British greens and once-a-week beef was, it seems, a better spur to the Muse, than lip-smacking anticipation of *bouillabaisse* or the 81 Hors d'Oeuvres in the Rue Gomboust. It was naturally the Channel, or North Sea, our competitors were crossing; none had dollars to long for clam chowder or Chicken Maryland; they yearned only for European delicacies, *Tomaten mit Gemsleber* in Bavaria, red peppers with garlic sauce in Turin, reindeer steak in Norway, with sild salad and eggs poached in nettle broth; and of course everything French, from *soupe aux nouilles et artichauts* to *crêpes Pépère.* Not that all was gladness. There was apprehension about stomachs—

I wilt at the garlic and starve all day,
With my rumbletum queasy rumbletum hey—

(sang D. W. Barker) and dismay about pocket books. H. Y. Light was speaking for many when, after dreams of *Gigot sauce béarnaise* and *aloyau à la broche,* he ended pathetically—

Or will it be mere *pot-au-feu, gîte-gîte,*
For me?—with only *vingt-cinq livres en poche?*

Prizes of a guinea and half each to Pat Bullen, for her bold sociological comment, to Nancy Gunter, and J. P. Stevenson. Half a guinea each to David Waller, Eric Swainson and Pithecus; perhaps N. Weall, in spite of his atrocious first rhyme, deserves an honourable mention for taking the high political line.

IN ANTICIPATION OF FOREIGN FOOD

I cannot contemplate a meal
In Europe now, but thoughts of veal
Ubiquitous, adorned with parsley,
Garlicked effusively or sparsely,
Disturb my superficialism,
Sponsored by high-class journalism;
I see in ragout, joint and sauce
Accusing bits of Irish horse. PAT BULLEN

Should I in deep, nostalgic grief
Mourn Merrie Argentine's roast beef,
Or sigh for date-stamped eggs once more,
I know upon the Southern shore
A little spot of English ground
Where consolation may be found,
For (though divorced from fish, as we know)
There's always chips at the Casino.
NANCY GUNTER

How like a second conscience is the grape!
Gladding some hearts, no doubt, but to my own
Bringing unsought reminders—like the rape
Of war-time Florence with her bridges blown.

I like the objective bonhomie of food:
Gnocchi with garlic, maraschino ices,
Pasta—how proletarian! how good!—
And ewes'-milk cheese, sugared, and served with spices*

* *Ricotta Romana* is made from ewes' buttermilk, and served (not always) with sugar and cinnamon.

J. P. STEVENSON

"Oh, garçon, we'll start with the pâté, I think;
And to follow I'll take the consommé, will you?
Then the prawns, and we'd better have something to drink
With the Châteaubriand, send the wine waiter too.
Yes, the crêpes, and perhaps just a nibble of cheese."
(On a day trip to France one must keep within bounds.)
And with the liqueurs, the addition, please.
"I should just about manage with £25."
DAVID WALLER

For subtle coffee and superb gruyère,
Accomplished salads and *omelettes élevées,*
We shall pay prices which are high but fair;
For singing wines, splendid to eye and ear
And to the palate grateful, we shall pay
So little! But for vitiated beer,
Bad tea, fruit-tinctured syrup drinks and such,
And dreadful chocolate, we shall pay TOO MUCH!
ERIC SWAINSON

Ah, with what memories I'll stare
At passwords that could once combine
Ambrosia from the bills of fare
With nectar from the vintage wine.
But now those words bring only fruits
Of dead-sea apple from the waste,
Since years of rationed substitutes
Have ruined palate, tongue and taste.
PITHECUS

Since food has become a political thing,
And to eat a good meal is a new form of Sin,
The traveller leaving for Bonn-on-the-Rhine,
Will think of agreements and not of good wine.
A diet of exports and imports and pacts,
Has clogged his digestion with plainly served facts.
And if he's a Tory to talk of red meat,
Will make his distaste for the subject complete.
N. WEALL

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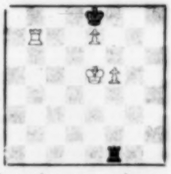
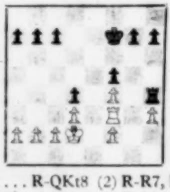
CHESS: All's Well that Ends Well

No. 145





It has been said that whoever can claim some acquaintance with a few basic ideas of opening theory and some knowledge of R-endgames—it has been rightly said that such a person can command respect from anyone to be faced across a chessboard. It would be interesting indeed to have some statistics on the percentage of games that finally boil down to R and P endings and on the frequency of superior endgame technique snatching victory or averting defeat. Here is a case in point reported by F. Chalupetzky an endgame expert of no mean order. In the middle-game fracas that had cost him two pawns he had vainly tried to reduce White's superiority to a R & B pawn which might have offered legitimate chances of a draw; but his youthful opponent emerged with united centre-pawns, and since "no ½ point has ever been saved by resignation," Chalupetzky says he could only hope for a blunder. White promptly obliged by K-K6, with the sequel: (1) . . . R-QKt8 (2) R-R7, R-QR8 (3) P-B6, R-R3 ch etc. Here—Simpson-Fairhurst, Glasgow 1933—is an even more instructive position. It seems impressive enough for Black to hamstring the opponent's R so effectively in the first two moves; but considering how carefully White bolts all the gates where invasion seems likely it is by no means easy to see how Fairhurst ultimately "materialises" his positional advantage. This is what happened.

(1)	P-KKt4	(7) K-Kt3	K-B4
(2) P x P	P-B5!	(8) P-QR4	P-KR4
(3) P-Kt4	K-Kt3	(9) K-Kt2	P-R5
(4) P-B3	K x P	(10) K-Kt3	R-KKt3!
(5) P x P	R-R3	(11) K-B3	R-Kt6!!
(6) K-B3	R-QB3 ch	(12) P x R	RP x P

White promptly resigned. Yet, it is one thing to learn in one's first chess lesson that two united passed pawns on the 6th are stronger than a R, but quite

PERSONAL

YOUNG couple going to Israel by car and 4-berth caravan via France, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey, in August-Sept., would welcome 1 or 2 companions. M. Bernet, 12 Lymington Rd., N.W.6. Ham. 1788.

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STUDENT (20, m.) requires work, now until mid-September (or part). Anything considered. Box 2252.

FRENCH teacher (female, 26) seeks employment for 5 weeks in August-Sept. Could teach in a summer school, or help in a family with children and a little housework. Au pair, or with salary. Box 2143.

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CONTRIBUTORS welcome "Migma" new literary review. Cosmopolitan, pacifist. Publication Autumn 1952. Ham. 3394.

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PERSONAL—continued

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GIRLS, British and French, can meet for practice in conversation; seaside summer holiday house-party, Hants. £5 p.w. 9 Beauchamp Place, London, S.W.3. KEN. 9661.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½*d*. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

JUGOSLAV Holidays: Departure every Sat 16 days £26 or £29 incl. Holiday Friendship Service, 445 Strand. Send S.A.E.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

IF you wish to distribute advertising gifts at Christmas or on any other occasion please inspect our large range. Ask for Illustrated Catalogue N/4 Richard Hochfeld (London), Ltd., 28 Archway Rd., N.19.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials. 1½gns. evg. WHI. 3678.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC. 0820.

WELL-KNOWN Artists' Agents wish to represent established and new writers of long or short fiction, non-fiction and specialised material. Artist Partners Ltd. (Literary Section), 9 Lower John St., London, W.1. GERard 1157.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CHISWICK. Detached house with studio lounge for sale freehold; 3 bedrooms, 2 reception rooms. Walled garden. Garage. Write Owner, 15 Greenhill Pl., Edinburgh, 10.

BRENTWOOD. Doctor's modern secluded bungalow, lge. rec., 2 beds., bthrm., kitte., 2 acres. Main services. £3,500 freehold. R. Cheke & Co., 11 High St., E.11.

BARONS Court: Complete Vacant Possession. Non-basement house. 4/5 bedrooms, 2 recep., K. & B. Long lease at £7 p.a. Price £2,500. Cookes & Burrell, Opp. W. Kensington Stn., W.14. FUL. 0070/3101.

PORTREE, Isle of Skye. For sale, part of premises situated in Wentworth Street, consisting of dwellinghouse and shop. The building is of two storeys and contains 2 public rooms, 6 bedrooms, kitchen, scullery and coal cellar. The shop, which is presently let, consists of one room. Burdens over whole property—assessed rental £36. Feu-duty £7. For further partics. & arrangements to view apply to Macdonald & Fraser, Solrs., Portree.

GLOS./Wilts border, well-planned labour-saving attested dairy farm (160 acres), mod. residence, new cottages and buildings, main services, large mortgage at very low interest available. £20,000. Box 2224.

COMPLETELY rural, well-appointed cottage, Chilterns. Easy access Town. 5 rooms, bathroom, etc., main electricity. £3,250. Unique opportunity for country-lover with chance of choosing neighbour, as option given to buy equally charming adjoining cottage. Apply Protheroe & Morris, 14 Moorgate, E.C.2 (Tel. MONarch 8388).

Rising seventy, my old dad...

and still working!

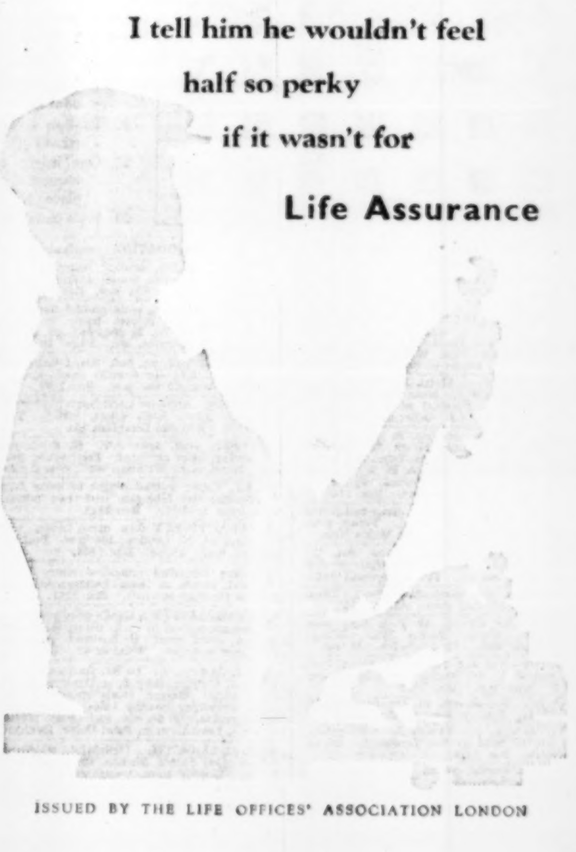
Doesn't *have* to, of course...

Stubborn. Like me.

Doesn't have to worry, either—

thanks to his firm's

Group Pension Scheme...



I tell him he wouldn't feel

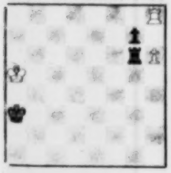
half so perky

— if it wasn't for

Life Assurance

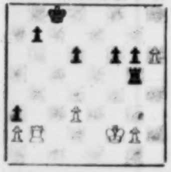
ISSUED BY THE LIFE OFFICES' ASSOCIATION LONDON another thing to see such a contingency ten moves ahead.

A: N. Rossolimo 1950

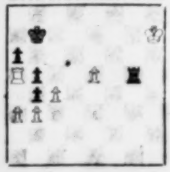


This week's competition, obviously in tune with the theme-song contains three pieces selected by that eminent composer G. Bernhardt for the *Deutsche Schachblätter*. White to win in each of them. **A** and **B** are most instructive for the practical player, and though not exactly easy they might be fairly rated with 6 points each. **C** is an ingenious study, and in rating it a mere 7 points I had better add the useful little hint that the *dénouement*, surprisingly enough, happens to be a mating net. It is, in fact, a mate in 12.

B: G. Bernhardt 1949



C: A. S. Selesniev 1949



Usual prizes. Entries by July 21.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 21

A: (1) R-B8 ch, K x R. (2) P-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1. (3) P-Q5, K-B2. (4) P x R (B !), K-Kt1. (5) B-Kt7, K-B2. (6) K x P etc.

B: (1) P-B7, RP queens. (2) P queens ch, K-B2. (3) Q-Q6 ch, K-Q1. (4) Q-B6ch, K x Kt. (5) Q-B8 ch, K-B2. (6) Q-QKt8 ch, K-B3. (7) Q-QR8 ch, etc.

if (4) . . . K-B2. (5) Q-QKt6 ch, etc.

if (1) . . . BP queens, the Q is captured by (7) Q-QB8 ch.

(1) . . . K x Kt is refuted either by (2) K-Kt6, etc., or by (2) P queens, followed by Q-B2 and K-Kt7.

C: (1) P-B6, R x P. (2) R-B8ch, K x R. (3) P x P, R-B7 ch. (4) K-Kt3, R-B6 ch. (5) K-Kt 4, R-B5 ch. (6) K-Kt5, R-KR5. (7) K x R, P-Kt4 ch. (8) K x P, K-Kt2. (9) P queens, K x Q. (10) K-Kt6 ! and wins.

The key-move threatens R-QB3, followed by P-R4, etc. Hence Black must take the P.

Many competitors were stumped by **C**, and quite a few of those who saw the basic idea overlooked the final *finesse* of the KRP being stopped from queening and the issue decided by a P-endgame. Prizes shared by E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, W. Stead. Equally flawless solutions from J. B. Cock, Leslie Hale, A. J. Roycroft, A. Schneider. In the 8th decade two of the 4th decade winners have come to the fore, A. J. Roycroft (601) being first and C. Sandberg (507) fourth. H. F. Moxon is just one point behind the winner, and K. Beaumont, one of the 1st decade winners 70 weeks ago, is 3rd with 542 points. The winners, of course, go back to scratch. Next time one or two of the 5th decade winners should run neck-to-neck with some of the new competitors who got into their stride this year.

ASSIAC

INSURE AGAINST HOLIDAY BOREDOM

Take a copy of **Assiac's**

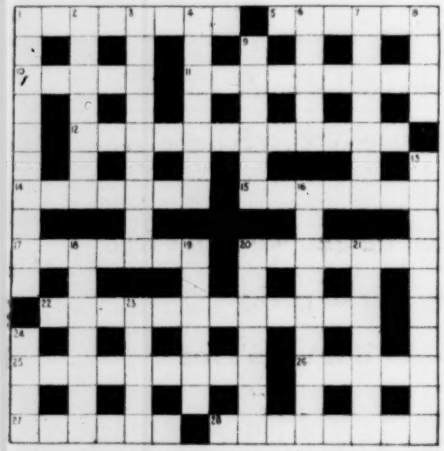
ADVENTURE IN CHESS

200 games, studies and problems with a wealth of anecdote and the author at his wittiest and wisest. Instructs as it entertains. *10/6*

YOU CAN WORK OUT THE MOVES OR PLAY A GAME ON THE FOLDING CHESS SET

TURNSTILE PRESS

Week-end Crossword No. 4



ACROSS

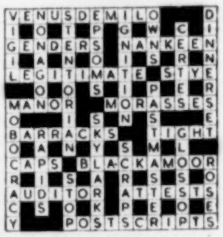
1. Plant which is a danger slightly overlapping the river (8).
5. Foreign studies (6).
10. Nonconformist for the occasion (5).
11. Those who hope to get on see the train pass (9).
12. Where a party wins an urban seat? (12).
14. The defence consists of a footballer with nothing in him (7).
15. A penny in the hat for Shakespeare's murderer (7).
17. Scholarly aspect of one who wrote nonsense leading a donkey (7).
20. I follow a young lady on an errand (7).
22. One might expect a hard request to come from this place (12).
25. Ivy's class (9).
26. Mouth organ in a moment of terror (5).
27. United Nations cliques? (6).
28. Greats confused me at heart (8).

DOWN

1. Court dance? (6, 4).
2. Contrives a reminder that man is not 18 (7).
3. The tide ebbs and there is nothing in control about it (9).
4. A film actress who has not quite completed her final performance (7).
6. A body like this is below its peak (5).
7. The place to make one glad (7).
8. Old Persian city (4).
9. Assurance (6).
13. Teetotal author? (10).
16. Where it is possible to make these warm (9).
18. Eagles scatter to the south (7).
19. Drenched doctor can be seen on both sides of the river (6).
20. "O brave new world, that has such people in't!" she exclaimed (7).
21. This month is momentary (7).
23. Use a spade on it or a finger would do (5).
24. A country reading without Sarah (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 3



ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

LONDON. Professional people seeking a really well-furn. service room with breakfast & dinner, close to West End, are invited to call at Park House, 143, Holland Park Ave., W.11. PARk 6280.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate. 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29, West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. Near Earls Court. H. & C. all rooms. Personal attention. Bed & breakfast from 12*s*. 6*d*. Other meals optional.

ROOM with a great view, in secluded and quiet home: near Heath for walking, riding, golf, etc. Few mins. buses and trains to London (50 mins.). Basin, H. & C. From August. Business man preferred. 4½ *guineas* with board. Garage possible. Box 1740.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

LARGE single Bedroom. Mod. flat. W. Hampstead. Bed & Breakfast or full board. Bus. person. Tel. Hampstead 3122.

NR. Baker St., overlooking Park. Dble. divan bed-sitting room. AMB. 3320.

ABBEY Art Centre, 89 Park Rd., New Barnet, Herts. Barnet 3991. (Cockfosters Picc. line.) Studio-bedsit. rm. vac.

S.C. attractive flat St. John's Wood from August 1, 4-6 weeks. Sleeping accom. for 2. 5*gns*. p.w. Box 2328.

TO let. Bed-sit.-rm. in s.c. flat, N.W.1. £1 1s. Privacy assured. Box 2322.

HIGHGATE, s/c 3-room flat with garage, use of large garden, furnished. £6 6*s*. per week. Box 2218.

ACCOM. central, partial board, from 3½*gns*. single, 6*gns*. dble. Tel.: MAI. 1787.

TO let, Aug. Furn. house, N.3. Sleep 6½. Garden. Tel. Garage. 5*gns*. Box 2308.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

WESTMINSTER, smallish bed/sitt. room in pleasant priv. house, cooking facils., cleaning, linen, etc. 45*s*. p.w. Box 2315.

TO let to bachelor, large ground floor bed sitting-rm. in private house in quiet square nr. Sloane Sq. 3½ *gns*., incl. gd. breakfast, light, heat, baths, etc. FLA. 1050.

TO let, Mill Hill, s.c. furn. flat, 1 bedrm., 1 sit.-rm., kit., for 6 mths (poss. longer) from mid-Aug. £2 10*s*. p.w. Box 2302.

LONDON. Superior guest house. 27 Philbeach Gdns., Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. Fro. 7579. Bed and Breakfast, 15*s*.

BED-SIT. avail. 3*gns*. p.w. H. & C., gas cooker, linen provided. Pref. young person. Kensington. WEStern 4097, after 6 p.m.

FLAT. Young woman sought to share large pleasant flat Highgate with two others. Rent 9*gns*. monthly. Box 2343.

ATTRACTIVELY furn. divan lounge, well carpeted. N. London, 30*s*. p.w. Full use kitchen, bath, 'phone. Box 2363.

TO let: furnished bungalow centre Lakeland; accom. 4. Sept. holidays or longer periods October onwards. Box 2251.

SCHOOLMASTER'S family offer bed-sit. to pleasant person in exch. sitting in, chores. Second room avail. if husband or child. Foreigner welcome. Windsor 99. Box 2286.

AUG. 24-Sept. 6: To let, furn., charming mod. Cottage, sleep 6, at Denham, Bucks. Every conv. Garage, lovely country. Easy reach swimming/boating lakes. Conv. train serv. London. £6 6*s*. p.w. incl. Refs. please. Thomas, Penn Cottage, Penn Drive, Denham.

BOURNEMOUTH. Delightful residence, spacious double, kitchen, share bathroom, £6 6*s*. Double suite, lounge/reception, kitchen, bathroom, sun parlour, garden, £10 10*s*. Any period. Moss, 72 Wellington Road, Bournemouth 3645

ACCOMMODATION—continued

CADGWITH, Cornwall. Furnished cottage available from August 8 onwards. 3 bedrooms, sleep 5. 8*gns*. per week. Rent reduced for long let. Box 2273.

FLATS furn.: July, Sept., £5 wkly. Glenny, "Annaville," Warrenpoint, Co. Down.

EXCHANGE 4-room flat North Kensington, £80 p.a., unfurnished, for flat or cottage Cambridge or district. Box 2171.

YNG. gent. (cultured) reqs. accom. Perm. Mid-August. London pref. St. John's Wood. No petty restrictions. Box 2318.

JOURNALIST, wife, baby, req. S/C accom. London, from end of August. Box 2313.

BUSINESS woman and child require unfurnished flat or rooms. Rent about £2. Could pay 2 years in advance if would help solve a financial problem. Box 2310.

4 yrs.' married life in furnished digs! Desperate yng. couple longing set up home, sks. unfurn. flat, N. London pref. Prepared undertake own redecoration. Box 2123.

MISCELLANEOUS

BAN Gin Traps which torture. I can send you particulars of eleven other humane ways of killing rabbits. Refuse to buy rabbits with legs mangled by traps or swollen heads from snares. Also write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry; and White List of furs humanely obtained. Major Van der Byl, 49 Tregunter Road, London, S.W.10.

A LONDON Address: Have a good London Address and improve your business or professional status. Details, The Manager (N), Business Chambers, "Princess House," Eastcastle St., London, W.1.

THANK Heavens I found an excellent maid through Isobel Jay, 98 Western Rd., Hove.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

LEARN Shorthand by August 11 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½*d*. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

BEST Lancashire make. White Cotton Sheets (a) 60in. × 90in., 12*s*. 6*d*. each; (b) 70in. × 100in., 18*s*. each. Pillow Slips, Housewife Style, 20in. × 30in., 6 for 16*s*. 6*d*. Pure Irish Linen Glass Cloths with coloured borders, hemmed and lettered, 20in. × 30in., 6 for 16*s*. 6*d*., 12 for 31*s*. 6*d*. Striped Ticking, Waxed, Featherproof, 56in. wide, 7*s*. 6*d*. yd. All Orders Post and Packing 1*s*. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 141), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

CONTACT Lenses: Wear these wonder lenses while you pay for them. Choose your own Practitioner. Details from The Contact Lens Finance Co., 4 Reece Mews, South Kensington, S.W.7.

A DISPLAY of Metal, Wood and Cane Garden Furniture can be seen at Heal & Son. Please write for new Garden Furniture Catalogue. 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

TAPE & Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range available. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond Street, W.1 MAY. 3903.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept., C.29 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent House, Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We offer also an interesting booklet giving details and fees of our Courses and Criticisms, and success letters from students.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

B.B.C. invites applications for the post of Controller, Third Programme. Candidates should have a good academic background and wide general interests; an acquaintance with the world of music, letters and drama; some familiarity with the main currents of contemporary thought and the development of politics, art and science in the world at large. Some experience of programme work in broadcasting is desirable. The successful candidate would, under the Director of Home Sound Broadcasting, be in control of the planning of the programme which is contributed by various specialist departments. He would be responsible for the Programme's finances. Salary would not be less than £2,250 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, by July 31.

B.B.C. requires Monitor, Reading area. Duties entail listening to and writing reports on foreign news broadcasts in English. Essential qualifications: wide general knowledge, sound political sense, good command of English, perfect hearing, typewriting ability. Shift (some night) work. Salary £415 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £575 per annum maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "M.S.N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering has a vacancy for an Experimental Officer at the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering to carry out work in connection with grain drying and storage. H.N.C. or equivalent essential, and an interest in measurement work, desirable. The work includes electrical, electronic and general physical problems in the measurement of temperature, moisture content, air flow, relative humidity, etc. The post should appeal to those desiring constructive work in rural surroundings. Hostel available for single men. Minimum age 26; salary £597 to £745. Superannuation scheme. Application forms obtainable from Secretary, National Institute of Agricultural Engineering, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds., on receipt of stamped, addressed foolscap envelope. Completed forms to be submitted within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

WEST Riding County Council. Bretton Hall. Applications are invited for the following posts:— (1) Lecturer in Music (Vacancy due to promotion). The applications of candidates who have recently applied for similar posts will be considered unless withdrawn. (2) Additional lecturer in Art and Craft. Candidates should not only have high qualifications and wide interest in their own particular art but also extensive contact with schools and children and an interest in the possibilities of education through the Arts. The successful candidates should be able to take up the posts not later than January 1, 1953. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Principal, Bretton Hall, Wakefield. All applications must be received not later than ten days after the appearance of this advertisement.

LONDON County Council Boarding Special Schools, Headships. Applications invited for the following posts. Particulars from the Education Officer (TS10), County Hall, London, S.E.1. (a) Grafham Grange, Bramley, Nr. Guildford, Surrey, joint appointment for headmistress and matron or headmaster with wife as matron. Primary ESN children. (b) Kathleen Schlesinger Home, Russell's Water, Nr. Henley, Oxon, headmistress, nursery school trained. Delicate children aged 2-5.

CALDECOTT Community. Required in September, progressive woman teacher (not over 40) for a group of intelligent children aged 9-11 years. Must have Ministry of Education Certificate. The candidate must be interested in the problems of disturbed and deprived children. No out of school duties. Salary according to Burnham Scale. Apply, together with copies of three testimonials, to Miss Rendel, Mersham-le-Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

ENGLISH Mistress required in January, 1953, for middle forms of Independent Co-Educational Boarding School in Tunbridge Wells district. Assistance with girls' games and home side duties. Resident post. Apply the Directors, Long Dene School, Ltd., Chiddingstone, Edenbridge.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Educational Psychologist required for part-time work at Girl's Remand Home, Great Baddow; duties entail examining and reporting on girls for Juvenile Courts. Particulars from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

ORGANISING Secretary reqd. for Ilford Social Service Association, experience in C.A.B., Family Case Work, and Administration necessary. The Social Science Diploma is desirable. Commencing salary £350 p. yr. with two annual increments of £25. Candidates should apply to Secy., Ilford Social Service Association, 241 High Rd., Ilford. Closing date for applics. July 21, 1952.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TUBERCULOSIS. London County Council. Local tuberculosis care organiser at Balham Chest Clinic, Weir Rd., S.W.12. Applicants must have expce. in social work and hold Cert. of Inst. of Hosp. Almoners or Soc. Sc. Cert. of recognised Schl. of Sociology. Salary £480-£600. Duties include social and secretarial work for local Tuberculosis Care Committee. Further particulars on appl. form from Divisional Medical Officer, Divisional Health Office, Fairfield Street, S.W.18, to be returned by July 19. (746)

WEST Riding County Council. Adult College, Grantley Hall, Near Ripon. Applications are invited for the post of Warden of the Authority's residential Adult College, Grantley Hall, Near Ripon. Candidates should possess a good honours degree of a British University, preferably in a subject related to social studies, a wide interest in contemporary life and its problems and a proved ability to popularise knowledge while maintaining proper standards of scholarship. They should have had good experience in some aspect of adult education. The Salary Scale is £900 × £50 to £1,100 per annum. Good unfurnished quarters and free residence will be provided. The post is superannuable. Full particulars and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, to whom completed forms should be returned before July 31, 1952.

WARDEN required, young man 25-35, for established children's club in Manchester. Good qualifications and some experience. Accommodation available. Apply, giving full particulars, to Donald Sutherland, SCF, 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

SURREY County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited from men with good educational qualifications for appointment as Assistant Youth Employment Officer at the Kingston Youth Employment Bureau. (Salary—£490 × £15—£535 per annum plus London Allowance.) Candidates should show themselves qualified in at least two of the following respects: (a) Youth Employment experience. (b) Industrial experience. (c) University Degree or Diploma. (d) Administrative experience. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained on receipt of a stamped (2½*d.*) addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to whom they should be returned by July 25.

KENT Education Committee. Applications are invited from women for the appointment of a resident Supervisor-House Help, at Gap House Boarding Special School, Broadstairs, for 30 delicate boys and girls aged 7 to 9. The Supervisor undertakes duties in connection with the care and supervision of the children. Salary £270 by £12 to £306 a year. Full board, lodging and laundry will be supplied for £78 a year. Applications to Dr. G. V. King, "Denemount," The Vale, Broadstairs, stating age, experience and names of two persons to whom reference may be made, together with copies of two recent testimonials.

WEST Sussex County Council. Children's Committee. Applications are invited from women interested in the special needs of children separated from their homes for the appointment of House Mother at Woodlands, Chichester, the County Council's Cottage Homes for 117 children. Applicants should be ready to make a home for about 12 boys or girls of school age, have initiative and imagination in planning activities, and experience in the residential care of children. Salary £296 8*s.* per annum less £75 12*s.* which will be deducted for board and lodging. Good holidays. Applications from those with children not, unfortunately, acceptable. Apply Employment Exchange, Chichester, quoting Order No. 115: T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Chichester.

APPEALS Organiser (either sex) required for Voluntary Organisation, accustomed to running Flag Days and other fund raising activities. Salary £500 per annum, or according to experience. Write stating age, experience and qualifications to the General Secretary, I.S.T.D., 8 Bourdon St., Davies St., W.1.

ILFORD South D.L.P. Applications are invited for the post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from D. Haley, 300 High Road, Ilford, Essex, to be returned by July 21, 1952.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in London. Permanent, up to £8, temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10*s.*, 10-5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

OPENING for young editorial assistant to print and editorial consultant. Should have interest in design and print; correct and competent English; and desire a further knowledge of make-up and layout of brochures and journals. Reply stating age, background and salary required. Box 2254.

LEADER required for Girls' Section (over 120 members) of large Mixed Club. Premises offer excellent scope. Apply, stating salary required, to the Warden, Alford House, Aveline St., S.E.11, by Saturday, July 19.

CAPABLE woman organiser required by important Zionist organisation for field work in London. Box 2245.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXECUTIVE post, industrial publicity, for yng. lady. Intelligence, interest, shthnd./typg. essentl.; no knowledge of industry, publicity required. Hrs. 9-5, no Sats. Write Globe News Service, 6 Ganton St., W.1.

SECRETARY with good knowledge in diagnostic laboratory methods wtd. by W. End physician. State full partics. Box 2236.

WANTED, resident household help for next 3 months; small modern farmhouse, Hertfordshire. Interview London. Box 2281.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENTLEMAN, 43, very able, perfect English, French, Spanish and Portuguese, with wide world connections and great experience of International Trade, specially Europe and South America, excellent manager and undertaker for any business depending upon International Public and Trade Relations, able to control and survey Foreign Agencies, Branches, Associated Companies, etc. (Administration, Finance and Accounts), accustomed to travelling, free to go anywhere, good "trouble-shooter," seeks important responsible situation with reliable people. Would do extremely well as a private Secretary. Free Aug.-Sept. (presently travelling throughout S. America). Excellent refs. Box 2258.

EXPERIENCED Housemaster seeks change, or holiday work. School or private, all ages. Good discipline. Any area. Box 2312.

PROGRESSIVE Co-ed. couple (expd.) mid-40s. No children, seek posts Art and House-mothering. Returning from overseas Aug. 6. Adolescents preferred. Box 1934.

COMPETENT woman secretary (30) seeks interesting work. Wide general exper. and able to accept responsibility. Box 2230.

EXPERIENCED Froebel teacher seeks post in progressive school, also interested in backward and problem children. Musical, perfect French. Hoffmann, 102, Hornsey Lane, N.6. Archway 1798.

EXPERIENCED sec., S/T., free odd half-days. ARC. 1765, ext. 1/MOU. 1701.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

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EDINBURGH, West End, Mod. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Pl., 3. CEN. 4871.

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CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mn.) St., Sn. 5 & 8. "The Way to Keep Him." Mems.

UNITY. EUS 5391. "Barrier Across Europe." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Mems. (Subscription 2s. 6d. p.a.).

MERCURY. Park 5700. Evgs. 8. Robert Eddison in "World Behind Your Back."

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Until July 20. First Anniversary Cabaret. Shani Wallis, David Hurst, Charlotte Mitchell, Cy Grant, Betty Marsden, Ronnie Stevens. Evenings (ex. Mon.) 10.30. Sun. 9.0. Mems. 5s. yearly.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon.) 7.30. Sun. 6.0. Israeli Play, "They'll Arrive Tomorrow" by Natan Shaham. Mems.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until July 13: "Adieu Leonard!" (A). From July 14: Louis Jouvet, Elvire Popesco in "Education Du Prince" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Sun., July 13, 7.30. "Contraband" (U).

27th Haslemere Festival. July 19 to 26. Director: Carl Dolmetsch. Concerts of Early Music. Lectures and Exhibitions of instruments. Particulars: Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., or Haslemere Hall. Tel. 361. Tickets, 2s. to 7s. 6d. Hourly trains from Waterloo.

BANDI'S Continental Dancing Club, Saturdays and Sundays, 8-11.30. 160a Westbourne Grove, W.2.

HAMPSTEAD Open Air Art Show. Party, Saturday, July 19, at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill. 9.15 p.m. Dancing, refreshments, etc. Exhibitors 2s., others 2s. 6d.

A GARDEN Party, organised by the Isobel Cripps Association, will be held at the Centre, 18 Lansdowne Rd., Holland Park (two mins. Holl. Park Tube), on Saturday, July 19, at 3 p.m. Activities will include brief interviews with teachers at nominal fees, demonstrations and films on work of Centre, Stalls, Competitions, Punch & Judy, etc. Light Refreshments. No Entrance Fee.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. Full display of Regency furniture, gold plate & historical relics. 10-7 daily including Sundays.

CHARLES Keene. An exhibition of drawings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till August 9. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St. Contemporary French Primitives, Vivin, Bombois, Bauchant &c. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Art of Gandhara. 10-5, Sat. 10-1.

HEAL'S Top-floor Flat. Furniture for present-day needs on view on 4th flr. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Hunterian Collection lent by the University, Glasgow. Adm. free. Wkdys. 10-6, Sun. 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Undergd.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibition. English and French Paintings, Drawings and Prints. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes August 31.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Paintings 1918-1930 by Jean Metzinger. New Sculpture, Paintings and Drawings by Giacometti, Moore, Marini and Manzu. Until August 2.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. French Masters of the 19th and 20th century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

15 NEW Zealand painters. Irving Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leics. Sq., W.C.2. Until July 19. Mon.-Fri., 9.30-5; Sats. 9.30-12.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Important Impressionist and Post-Impressionist Exhibition at 142 New Bond Street, W.1. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1. Until July 25.

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. A selection of Lithographs, Lino Cuts and Silk Screen Pictures on the 2nd floor at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

RECENT trends in Realist Paintings. I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1, until Aug. 2. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. 1s. 6d. Members free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Mobiles by Lynn Chadwick, and Paintings by Roger Hilton. Closing July 12. From July 16: Annual Review of Works by Artists from the Gallery.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

TO all Labour Parties: Abingdon Constituency Labour Party will hold their Annual Fete and Rally at Buscot Park, Faringdon, on Monday, Aug. 4 (by kind permission of Lord Faringdon). Reserve this date for a day out for your members. For further details apply Agent, 27 High Street, Abingdon, Berks.

BHARAT ke Mitra (Friends of India): next meeting Friday, July 18. Guest of honour Dr. Amarnath Jha. Particulars from Secretary, 23 The Gardens, West Harrow. Tel. Harrow 8735 (after 6.30 p.m.).

WILLIAM Poel Memorial Lecture by Robert Speight, Arts Council, 4 St. James' Sq., W.1. Mon., July 21, 7.30. Lillah McCarthy in chair. Tickets 2s. 6d. (s.a.e.) Shakespeare Stage Soc., 96 Charlotte St., W.1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

POLAND'S National Liberation Day Celebration, Whitehall Theatre, Sun., July 20, 7 p.m. Alan Loveday and Leonard Cassini; Susan Slivko; Esther Salaman and Paul Hamburger; W.M.A. Singers; Polish Folk Dances and "Poland's Path to Freedom" in prose, poetry and music. H.E. the Polish Ambassador will honour the occasion. The Rt. Hon. Lord Silkin, P.C., will preside. Tickets 2s. 6d. and 1s. from British-Polish Friendship Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1. (LAN. 6593). No sales at door.

EYE-Witness Account Barcelona Trial. David Widdicombe, Society Labour Lawyers and International Brigade Assocn. observer. Also documentary films, "News From Spain" and Joris Ivens' world-famed "Spanish Earth." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, Friday, July 18, 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d.

ASIAN Students' Conference to consider Problems of Education in Asia at Caxton Hall, S.W.1, on Fri., July 11, 11 a.m.-10 p.m. and Sat., July 12, 2.30 p.m.-6.30 p.m. Speakers from many Asian countries. All welcome. Apply for Delegate cards. Also: Asian Concert of Music, Dances and Songs, Caxton Hall, July 12, 7.45 p.m., to celebrate the conclusion of the Historical Conference. For partics. apply 42 Montrose Ave., N.W.6.

THE Dean of Canterbury and Mrs. Hewlett Johnson on "China." Just returned after 7,000 mile tour of China. St. Pancras Town Hall, Wed., July 16, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 6d. Britain-China Friendship Association.

SOUTH Africa—Violation of Civil Rights—Conference at Beaver Hall, E.C.4 (nr. Mansion House Stn.) Sat., July 19, 2.30-8.0. M. Mueller (former Gen. Sec., Textile Wkrs. Industr. Union of S.A.), D. N. Pritt, Q.C., Monica Whately. Credentials & Visitors tickets from National Council for Civil Liberties, 46 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

SCIENCE for Peace and Medical Association for the Prevention of War (London Branch) Public Meeting, Thursday, July 17, 7.45 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. "Weapons of Mass Destruction." Chairman: Dr. Barnett Stross, M.P. Speakers: Reginald Thompson (author of "Cry Korea"); Dr. M. N. Tempest, F.R.C.S., and Dr. J. H. Humphrey. Admission 1s. at door.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. July 13. S. K. Ratcliffe, "A Time for Reflection." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Junior Debating Group, Friday evenings at 7.15 p.m.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., July 16, 7.30 p.m. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "The New Fabian Essays." Spkr.: Dr. Thomas Balogh. Adm. 2s.

PROFESSOR H. H. Price, of New College, Oxford, addresses a general meeting of the Society for Psychical Research on "Survival and the idea of 'Another World'" at 8 p.m. on Wednesday, July 16, at the Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Open to the public. Admittance free.

M. L. BURNET: "Humanism, Christianity, and Utopianism." At the Ethical Church, 4A Inverness Place, W.2. Sunday, July 13, at 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 8 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, London, W.2 (5 mins. from Paddington Stn. or Lancaster Gate Stn.). All welcome. July 13: "God and Evil."

A. E. COPPARD, Doris Lessing, Arnold Kettle, on their visit to U.S.S.R. & discns. with Soviet writers. Sun. July 20, 8 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq. W.8. Adm. 1s.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 19 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jean de Laforest: "Ecrivains français sur le sol britannique."

GEORGE Lamming, Peter Vansittart, two young writers, will read from their novels to be published shortly. I.C.A. Galleries, 17, Dover St., W.1. July 15, 8 p.m.

LUNCH Hour Talks on Meditation, Caxton Hall, S.W. Tuesdays at 1.10. July 15: "The Inner Journey." July 22: "The Goal."

ALL Nations Social Club. "Is the Defence Programme Necessary?" by Rt. Hon. Alfred Robens, M.P. (former Minister of Labour). Thursday, July 17, 8 p.m., at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

"HUMAN Responsibilities in the Twentieth Century." Conference on modern problems and the work of Rudolf Steiner to be held in Bedford College, Regent's Park, July 28 to Aug. 4. Lectures (8 p.m.) and discussion groups daily on Education, (including Curative), Agriculture, Science, Social Questions. Opening lecture on the Conference theme by Dr. Zeylmans van Emmichoven (The Hague), July 28, 8 p.m. Particulars from Secretariat, 35, Park Rd., N.W.1 (PAD. 4400). Special terms for teachers and students.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley. One-, two-, three- or four-week General or Specialised Courses during July and August.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

WHO is my Neighbour? Last two Addresses on Christian Responsibility in regard to World Development. Tues., July 15, Prof. Josue de Castro (Chairman of Council of the F.A.O.)—The Work of the United Nations Organisation: Thurs., July 17, Lady Megan Lloyd-George—The Women and Children of the World. St. Paul's Cathedral at 6 p.m.

THE Present Question Conference, 1952, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, August 2 to 9. Theme: "Conflicts of Loyalties." Speakers: Dr. K. Bliss, John L. Edwards, M.P., Sir Wilfrid Garrett, E. de Groot, Noel F. Hall, E. P. Harries, John Heath-Stubbs, W. D. Hogarth, Prof. W. R. Niblett, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Prof. M. Polanyi, Herbert Read, A. J. P. Taylor, H. Westmann, J. F. Wolfenden. Enqs.: Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., D. ès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, Human Relations, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £150 per session, £110 for two terms, £60 for one. Next session begins October 6. For further details and information regarding L.E.A. scholarships apply to the Warden.

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER Film School, Glasgow-Edinburgh, August 11-23. Max Ophuls, Sir Compton Mackenzie, Dilys Powell, John Grierson, etc. Programme and details from: British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

DRAMA Schools. Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Pk., London. Day: July 28—Aug. 8, £5 5s. Evening: Aug. 11-22, £4 4s. Acting Technique, Speech, Mime, Movement, Make-up, Production, etc. Registrar, Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

SUMMER SCHOOLS—continued

PROGRESSIVE League Summer Conference at Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sussex. Sat., Aug. 16-23. Lecturers include: Edward Hyams, Julian Duguid, Dr. C. E. M. Joad (provisional), Philip Keeler, Naomi Lewis. Recreations: Music and Poetry, Painting Group. Rambles and excursions, Tennis, Ballroom and Country Dancing. Fees: Members £6; Non-Members £6 5s. Apply Conference Organiser (private address), 43 West Park, London, S.E.9 (ELT. 1761) for prog.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. July 29-Aug. 12: International Seminar; leader Dr. C. Gattegno. 1st week, Education for service v. education for leadership; 2nd week, The British culture. Aug. 15-29: Sensory Summer School, Freedom and the discipline of reality. Full details from Secretary.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 53, 54 & 55

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